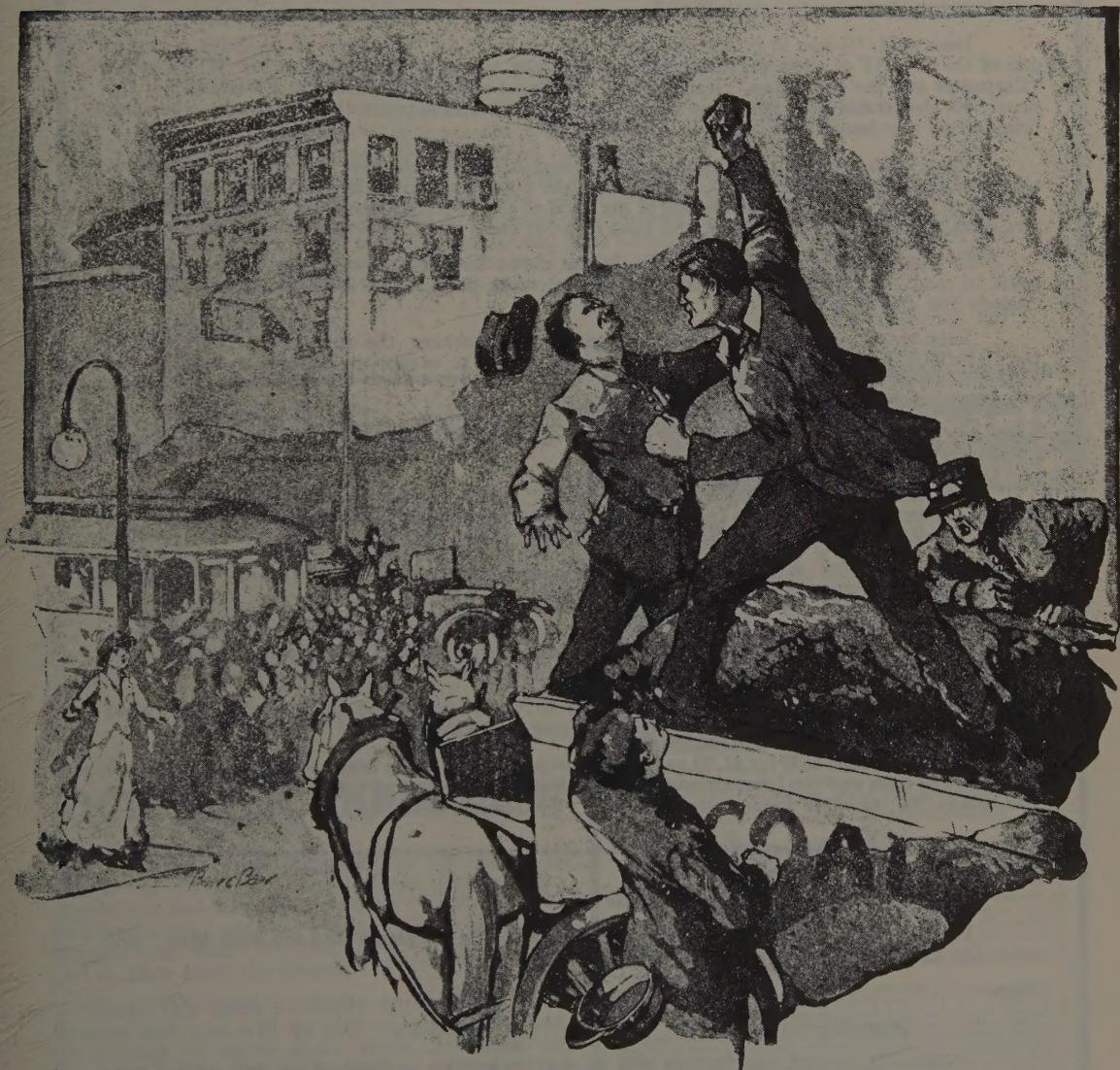


JULY, 1914

*The*

PRICE TEN CENTS

# INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW



SOUTH OF THE SLOT: By JACK LONDON

# JESUS—"One of Those Damned Agitators"

In his "**The Carpenter and the Rich Man**" Bouck White proves to the satisfaction of all intelligent men and women that Jesus of Nazareth TAUGHT the very things the Churches and so-called Christians today CONDEMN in the name of Christ.

Jesus approved of the acts of David and his hungry followers when they entered the temple and took the blessed shew bread from the sacred altars, to satisfy their want.

In New York a Catholic Priest declared he would die rather than permit the Unemployed to contaminate the "sacred" Church by using it to protect them from the winter's cold, although they had not where to lay their heads. The **Catholic Priest** had these **starving** men **arrested** and sent to **prison**.

Jesus said: "I was in prison and ye visited me not," for "inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the LEAST of these my brethren, ye did it not to me." According to Mr. White in his "**Carpenter and the Rich Man**," Jesus looked upon legal and all authorities as ENEMIES of the poor. He demanded that his followers and friends visit and support their comrades when imprisoned by the hated authorities.

That Jesus loved ALL the poor and despised ALL the rich there seems to be no reasonable doubt after reading this book. Comrade White points out how when a rich man asked permission to follow Jesus and become one of his band of OUTLAWS, Jesus said to him: "Sell ALL you have and GIVE to the POOR and take up your cross and follow me."

In thus referring to the cross, Mr. White shows how Jesus meant that his companions must be ready and willing to give up ALL things, to be prepared to DIE if necessary in their crusade for the poor.

Jesus stood for the poor thief, the propertyless lawbreaker, the oppressed SABOTAGER, the HOMELESS and HUNGRY Church defiler (if we are to accept the definition of defilement as laid down by our Priestly parasites today).

He was the BOLDEST of REBELLIOUS workingmen. All things could be forgiven ANY POOR man and the possession of riches in the midst of poverty irretrievably damned the owner, according to the Nazarene.

The outcasts of the world were the beloved of Jesus. Prostitutes, thieves, beggars, workingmen, ex-convicts were all the friends of Jesus. For the banker, the great property-owner, the usurer, the RICH MAN, he held only the most deep-rooted hatred and scorn.

Jesus demanded material communism among his comrades, and—above all—revolt against ALL CONSTITUTED AUTHORITY.

Comrade White proves how most of the books of the New Testament were written several hundred years after the death of Jesus and bear the imprint more of the aims and minds of the AUTHORS than they do of the FIGHTING CARPENTER.

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July

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WHO IS

## A VOICE FROM

(Holly Grove

By A PAINT

WILD volleys and volleys of murderous lead  
And whirlwinds of air-leaping flame,  
With hell-screaming agony writhing and red  
In fields that were calm ere the yellow-legs came!  
From the tattered black village Death rears up his head  
And leeringly numbers the names of the dead.  
"But who is to blame?" cries the voice from the pit.

And there, 'mid the embers that some one had lit,  
Pale children are weeping alone;  
While women and babies are strewn in the pit,  
Disfigured and mangled and burned to the bone,  
With red gaping wounds where the bullets have bit.  
"And who is to blame?" cries the voice from the pit.

"O, who is to blame for the shot and the flame?"  
Cries the voice from the depths of the pit.  
"I am covered with mud and spattered with blood;  
My children have ashes and blood in their hair....  
O, who is to blame for the misery there.....?  
In this murderous game I will find who's to blame  
And shout to the whole world the fiendish name!"



—From Harper's Weekly

O BLAME?

## THE PIT—LUDLOW

(Not Forgotten)

### CREEK MINER

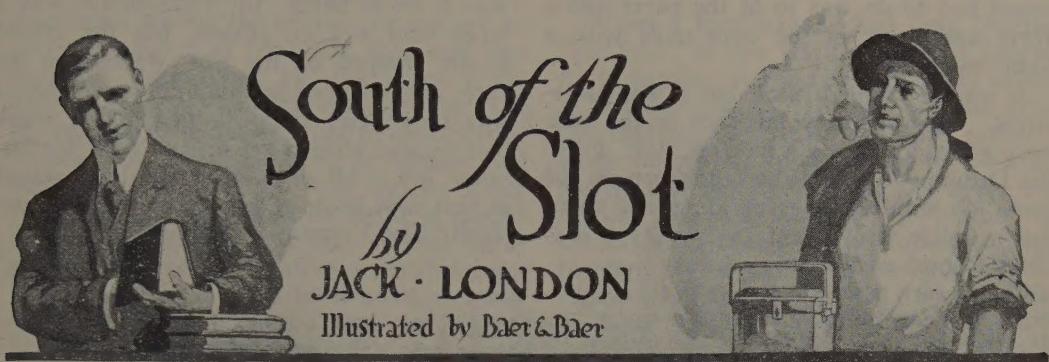
Quoth Death, "I have shown their encampment before—  
My own most dependable crew.  
So why do you roar and plead and implore,  
I have brought them from Hades expressly for you;  
They are yellow-legged curs who are greedy for gore  
And mine-guards who clamour for more and for more...."  
"But WHO is to blame?" cried the voice from the pit.

"Who is to blame for the shot and the flame—  
The machine-guns that sputter and spit,  
What tyrant serene is directing unseen  
His black-hearted cowards who kill at command—  
The safe one who orders his own hellish band  
To slaughter and slay with an iron-gloved hand....  
O, HE is to blame for the gun and the brand!"

Wild volleys and volleys of murderous lead,  
And whirlwinds of air-leaping flame;  
With hell-screaming agony writhing and red  
In fields that were calm ere the yellow-legs came.  
In the black smoking ruins does Nemesis sit  
With a burned-out torch that some one had lit.....  
"And WHO IS TO BLAME?" cries the voice from the pit.



MOTHER JONES—REVOLUTIONIST.



# South of the Slot

by JACK LONDON

Illustrated by Baer & Baer

A New Story Which Will Soon Be Published with Other Short Stories by the Same Author in Book Form Under the Title, "The Strength of the Strong."

OLD San Francisco, which is the San Francisco of only the other day, the day before the Earthquake, was divided midway by the Slot. The Slot was an iron crack that ran along the center of Market street, and from the Slot arose the burr of the ceaseless, endless cable that was hitched at will to the cars it dragged up and down. In truth, there were two slots, but in the quick grammar of the West time was saved by calling them, and much more that they stood for, "The Slot." North of the Slot were the theaters, hotels, and shopping district, the banks and the staid, respectable business houses. South of the Slot were the factories, slums, laundries, machine shops, boiler works, and the abodes of the working class.

The Slot was the metaphor that expressed the class cleavage of society, and no man crossed this metaphor, back and forth, more successfully than Freddie Drummond. He made a practice of living in both worlds, and in both worlds he lived signal well. Freddie Drummond was a professor in the Sociology Department of the University of California, and it was as a professor of sociology that he first crossed over the Slot, lived for six months in the great labor-ghetto, and wrote "The Unskilled Laborer"—a book that was hailed everywhere as an able contribution to the literature of progress, and as a splendid reply to the literature of discontent. Politically and economically it was nothing if not orthodox. Presidents of great railway systems bought whole editions of it to give

to their employees. The Manufacturers' Association alone distributed fifty thousand copies of it. In a way, it was almost as immoral as the far-famed and notorious "Message to Garcia," while in its preaching of thrift and content it ran "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" a close second.

At first, Freddie Drummond found it monstrously difficult to get along among the working people. He was not used to their ways, and they certainly were not used to his. They were suspicious. He had no antecedents. He could talk of no previous jobs. His hands were soft. His extraordinary politeness was ominous. His first idea of the role he would play was that of a free and independent American who chose to work with his hands and no explanations given. But it wouldn't do, as he quickly discovered. At the beginning they accepted him, very provisionally, as a freak. A little later, as he began to know his way about better, he insensibly drifted into the role that would work—namely, he was a man who had seen better days, very much better days, but who was down in his luck, though, to be sure, only temporarily.

He learned many things, and generalized much and often erroneously, all of which can be found in the pages of "The Unskilled Laborer." He saved himself, however, after the sane and conservative manner of his kind, by labeling his generalizations as "tentative." One of his first experiences was in the great Wilmax Cannery, where he was put on piece-work making small packing cases. A box factory

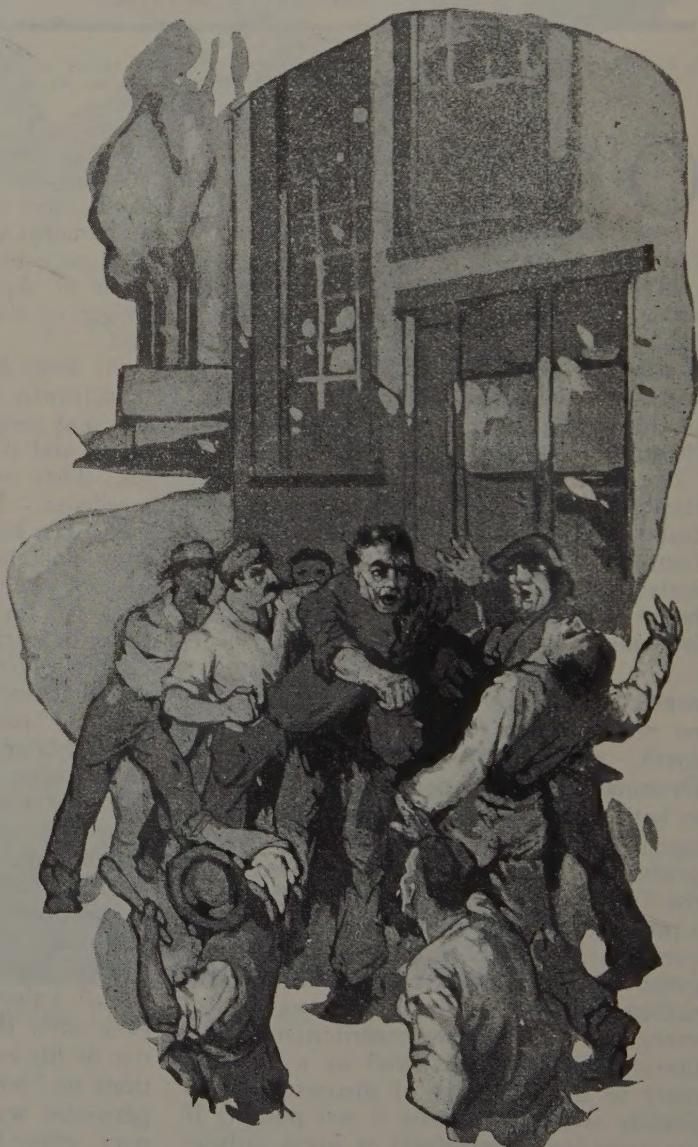
supplied the parts, and all Freddie Drummond had to do was to fit the parts into a form and drive in the wire nails with a light hammer.

It was not skilled labor, but it was piece-work. The ordinary laborers in the cannery got a dollar and a half per day. Freddie Drummond found the other men on the same job with him jogging along and earning a dollar and seventy-five cents a day.

By the third day he was able to earn the same. But he was ambitious. He did not care to jog along and, being unusually able and fit, on the fourth day earned two dollars. The next day, having keyed himself up to an exhausting high tension, he earned two dollars and a half. His fellow workers favored him with scowls and black looks, and made remarks, slangily witty; and which he did not understand, about sucking up to the boss and pace-making and holding her down when the rains set in. He was astonished at their malignering on piece-work, generalized about the inherent laziness of the unskilled laborer, and proceeded next day to hammer out three dollars worth of boxes.

And that night, coming out of the cannery, he was interviewed by his fellow workmen, who were very angry and incoherently slangy. He failed to comprehend the motive behind their action. The action itself was strenuous. When he refused to ease down his pace and bleated about freedom of contract, independent Americanism, and the dignity of toil, they pro-

ceeded to spoil his pace-making ability. It was a fierce battle, for Drummond was a large man and an athlete, but the crowd finally jumped on his ribs, walked on his face, and stamped on his fingers, so that it was only after lying in bed for a week that he was able to get up and look for another job. All of which is duly narrated in that first book of his, in the chapter entitled "The Tyranny of Labor."



"IT WAS A FIERCE BATTLE."

A little later, in another department of the Wilmax Cannery, lumping as a fruit-distributor among the women, he essayed to carry two boxes of fruit at a time, and was promptly reproached by the other fruit-lumpers. It was palpable malingering; but he was there, he decided, not to change conditions, but to observe. So he lumped one box thereafter, and so well did he study the art of shirking that he wrote a special chapter on it, with the last several paragraphs devoted to tentative generalizations.

In those six months he worked at many jobs and developed into a very good imitation of a genuine worker. He was a natural linguist, and he kept notebooks, making a scientific study of the workers' slang or argot, until he could talk quite intelligibly. This language also enabled him more intimately to follow their mental processes, and thereby to gather much data for a projected chapter in some future book which he planned to entitle "Synthesis of Working-Class Psychology."

Before he arose to the surface from that first plunge into the underworld he discovered that he was a good actor and demonstrated the plasticity of his nature. He was himself astonished at his own fluidity. Once having mastered the language and conquered numerous fastidious qualms, he found that he could flow into any nook of working-class life and fit it so snugly as to feel comfortably at home. As he said, in the preface to his second book, "*The Toiler*," he endeavored really to know the working people, and the only possible way to achieve this was to work beside them, eat their food, sleep in their beds, be amused with their amusements, think their thoughts and feel their feelings.

He was not a deep thinker. He had no faith in new theories. All his norms and criteria were conventional. His Thesis, on the French Revolution, was noteworthy in college annals, not merely for its painstaking and voluminous accuracy, but for the fact that it was the dryest, deadest, most formal, and most orthodox screed ever written on the subject. He was a very reserved man, and his natural inhibition was large in quantity and steel-like in quality. He had but few friends. He was too undemonstrative, too frigid. He had no vices, nor had any one ever discovered any temptations. Tobacco he detested, beer he abhorred, and he was never known to drink anything

stronger than an occasional light wine at dinner.

When a freshman he had been baptized "Ice-Box" by his warmer-blooded fellows. As a member of the faculty he was known as "Cold-Storage." He had but one grief, and that was "Freddie." He had earned it when he played full-back on the Varsity eleven, and his formal soul had never succeeded in living it down. "Freddie" he would ever be, except officially, and through nightmare vistas he looked into a future when his world would speak of him as "Old Freddie."

For he was very young to be a Doctor of Sociology, only twenty-seven, and he looked younger. In appearance and atmosphere he was a strapping big college man, smooth-faced and easy-mannered, clean and simple and wholesome, with a known record of being a splendid athlete and an implied vast possession of cold culture of the inhibited sort. He never talked shop out of class and committee rooms, except later on, when his books showered him with distasteful public notice and he yielded to the extent of reading occasional papers before certain literary and economic societies.

He did everything right—too right; and in dress and comportment was inevitably correct. Not that he was a dandy. Far from it. He was a college man, in dress and carriage as like as a pea to the type that of late years is being so generously turned out of our institutions of higher learning. His handshake was satisfactorily strong and stiff. His blue eyes were coldly blue and convincingly sincere. His voice, firm and masculine, clean and crisp of enunciation, was pleasant to the ear. The one drawback to Freddie Drummond was his inhibition. He never unbent. In his football days, the higher the tension of the game the cooler he grew. He was noted as a boxer, but he was regarded as an automaton, with the inhuman action of a machine judging distance and timing blows, guarding, blocking and stalling. He was rarely punished himself, while he rarely punished an opponent. He was too clever and too controlled to permit himself to put a pound more weight into a punch than he intended. With him it was a matter of exercise. It kept him fit.

As time went by, Freddie Drummond found himself more frequently crossing the

Slot and losing himself in South of Market. His summer and winter holidays were spent there, and, whether it was a week or a week-end, he found the time spent there to be valuable and enjoyable. And there was so much material to be gathered. His third book, "Mass and Master," became a text-book in the American universities; and almost before he knew it, he was at work on a fourth one, "The Fallacy of the Inefficient."

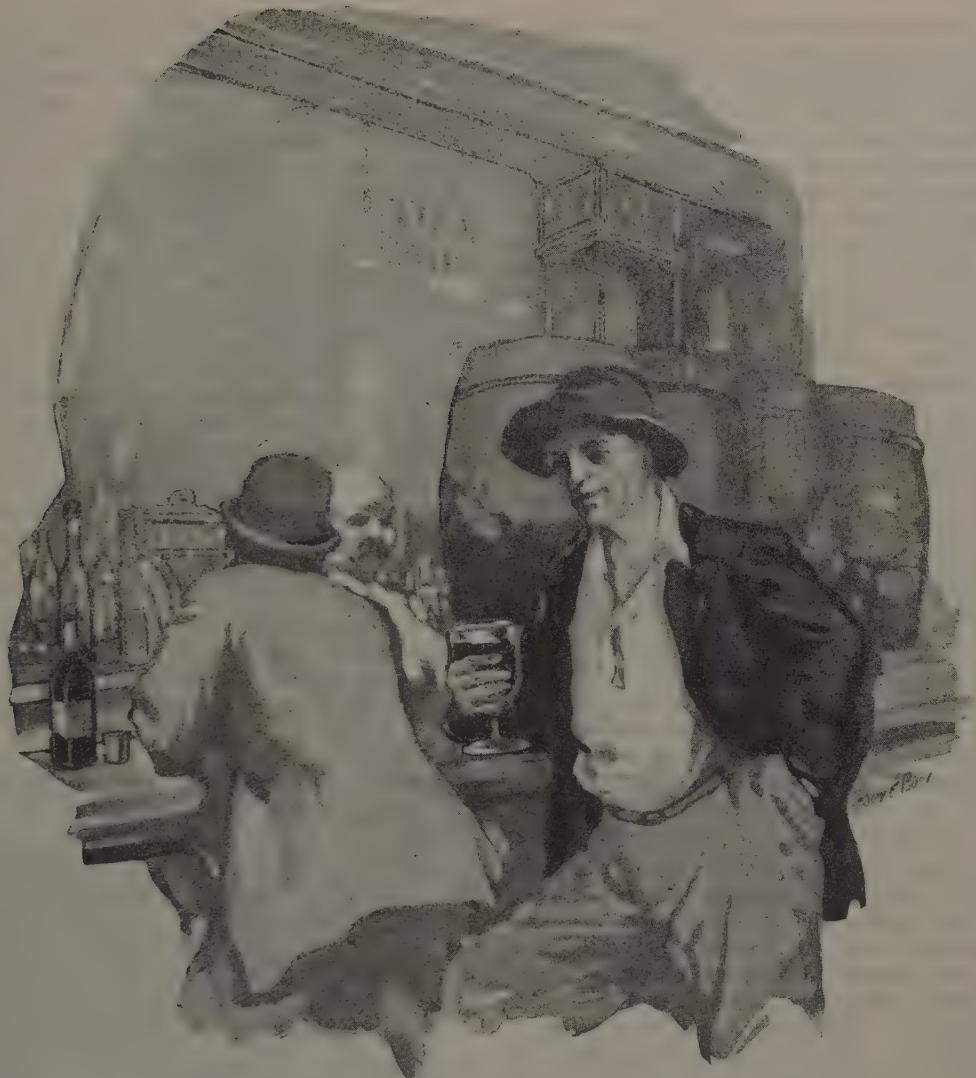
Somewhere in his make-up there was a strange twist or quirk. Perhaps it was a recoil from his environment and training, or from the tempered seed of his ancestors, who had been bookmen generation preceding generation; but at any rate, he found enjoyment in being down in the working-class world. In his own world he was "Cold Storage," but down below he was "Big" Bill Totts, who could drink and smoke, and slang and fight, and be an all-around favorite. Everybody liked Bill, and more than one working girl made love to him. At first he had been merely a good actor, but as time went on, simulation became second nature. He no longer played a part, and he loved sausages—sausages and bacon, than which, in his own proper sphere, there was nothing more loathsome in the way of food.

From doing the thing for the need's sake, he came to doing the thing for the thing's sake. He found himself regretting as the time drew near for him to go back to his lecture-room and his inhibition. And he often found himself waiting with anticipation for the dreamy time to pass when he could cross the Slot and cut loose and play the devil. He was not wicked, but as "Big" Bill Totts he did a myriad things that Freddie Drummond would never have been permitted to do. Moreover, Freddie Drummond never would have wanted to do them. That was the strangest part of his discovery. Freddie Drummond and Bill Totts were two totally different creatures. The desires and tastes and impulses of each ran counter to the other's. Bill Totts could shirk at a job with clear conscience, while Freddie Drummond condemned shirking as vicious, criminal, and un-American, and devoted whole chapters to condemnation of the vice. Freddie Drummond did not care for dancing, but Bill Totts never missed the nights at the various dancing clubs, such as The Magnolia, The Western Star, and The

Elite; while he won a massive silver cup, standing thirty inches high, for being the best-sustained character at the Butchers' and Meat Workers' annual grand masked ball. And Bill Totts liked the girls and the girls liked him, while Freddie Drummond enjoyed playing the ascetic in this particular, was open in his opposition to equal suffrage, and cynically bitter in his secret condemnation of co-education.

Freddie Drummond changed his manners with his dress, and without effort. When he entered the obscure little room used for his transformation scenes he carried himself just a bit too stiffly. He was too erect, his shoulders were an inch too far back, while his face was grave, almost harsh, and practically expressionless. But when he emerged in Bill Totts' clothes he was another creature. Bill Totts did not slouch, but somehow his whole form limbered up and became graceful. The very sound of the voice was changed, and the laugh was loud and hearty, while loose speech and an occasional oath was as a matter of course on his lips. Also, Bill Totts was a trifle inclined to late hours, and at times, in soloons, to be good-naturedly bellicose with other workmen. Then, too, at Sunday picnics, or when coming home from the show, either arm betrayed a practiced familiarity in stealing around girls' waists, while he displayed a wit keen and delightful in the flirtatious badinage that was expected of a good fellow in his class.

So thoroughly was Bill Totts himself, so thoroughly a workman, a genuine denizen of South of the Slot, that he was as class-conscious as the average of his kind, and his hatred for a scab even exceeded that of the average loyal union man. During the Water Front Strike Freddie Drummond was somehow able to stand apart from the unique combination, and, coldly critical, watch Bill Totts hilariously slug scab longshoremen. For Bill Totts was a dues-paying member of the Longshoremen Union and had a right to be indignant with the usurpers of his job. "Big" Bill Totts was so very big, and so very able, that it was "Big" Bill to the front when trouble was brewing. From acting outraged feelings, Freddie Drummond, in the role of his other self, came to experience genuine outrage, and it was only when he returned to the classic atmosphere of the university that he was able, sanely and conservatively, to



"BILL TOTTS WAS A TRIFLE INCLINED TO LATE HOURS AND A TIMES IN SALOONS, TO BE GOOD-NATUREDLY BELLICOSE WITH OTHER WORKMEN."

generalize upon his underworld experiences and put them down on paper as a trained sociologist should. That Bill Totts lacked the perspective to raise him above class-consciousness, Freddie Drummond clearly saw. But Bill Totts could not see it. When he saw a scab taking his job away, he saw red at the same time, and little else did he see. It was Freddie Drummond, irreproachably clothed and comported, seated at his study desk or facing his class in "Sociology 17," who saw Bill Totts, and all around Bill Totts, and all around the whole

scab and union labor problem and its relation to the economic welfare of the United States in the struggle for the world market. Bill Totts really wasn't able to see beyond the next meal and the prize fight the following night at the Gaiety Athletic Club.

It was while gathering material for "Women and Work" that Freddie received his first warning of the danger he was in. He was too successful at living in both worlds. This strange dualism he had developed was, after all, very unstable, and, as he sat in his study and meditated, he saw

that it could not endure. It was really a transition stage, and if he persisted he saw that he would inevitably have to drop one world or the other. He could not continue in both. And as he looked at the row of volumes that graced the upper shelf of his revolving book-case, his volumes, beginning with his Thesis and ending with "Women and Work," he decided that that was the world he would hold on to and stick by. Bill Totts had served his purpose, but he had become a too dangerous accomplice. Bill Totts would have to cease.

Freddie Drummond's fright was due to Mary Condon, President of the International Glove Workers' Union No. 974. He had seen her, first, from the spectators' gallery, at the annual convention of the Northwest Federation of Labor, and he had seen her through Bill Totts' eyes, and that individual had been most favorably impressed by her. She was not Freddie Drummond's sort at all. What if she were a royal-bodied woman, graceful and sinewy as a panther, with amazing black eyes that could fill with fire or laughter-love, as the mood might dictate? He detested women with a too exuberant vitality and a lack of—well, of inhibition. Freddie Drummond accepted the doctrine of evolution because it was quite universally accepted by college men, and he flatly believed that man had climbed up the ladder of life out of the weltering muck and mess of lower and monstrous organic things. But he was a trifle ashamed of this genealogy, and preferred not to think of it. Wherefore, probably, he practiced his iron inhibition and preached it to others, and preferred women of his own type, who could shake free of this bestial and regrettable ancestral line and by discipline and control emphasize the wideness of the gulf that separated them from what their dim forbears had been.

Bill Totts had none of these considerations. He had liked Mary Condon from the moment his eyes first rested on her in the convention hall, and he had made it a point, then and there, to find out who she was. The next time he met her, and quite by accident, was when he was driving an express wagon for Pat Morrissey. It was in a lodging house in Mission street, where he had been called to take a trunk into storage. The landlady's daughter had called him and led him to the little bed-room, the occupant

of which, a glove-maker, had just been removed to a hospital. But Bill did not know this. He stooped, up-ended the trunk, which was a large one, got it on his shoulder, and struggled to his feet with his back toward the open door. At that moment he heard a woman's voice.

"Belong to the union?" was the question asked.

"Aw, what's it to you?" he retorted. "Run along now, an' git outa my way. I wanna turn 'round."

The next he knew, big as he was, he was whirled half around and sent reeling backward, the trunk overbalancing him, till he fetched up with a crash against the wall. He started to swear, but at the same instant found himself looking into Mary Condon's flashing, angry eyes.

"Of course I b'long to the union," he said. "I was only kiddin' you."

"Where's your card?" she demanded in business-like tones.

"In my pocket. But I can't git it out now. This trunk's too damn heavy. Come



"PUT THAT TRUNK DOWN" WAS THE COMMAND."

on down to the wagon an I'll show it to you."

"Put that trunk down," was the command.

"What for?" I got a card, I'm tellin' you."

"Put it down, that's all. No scab's going to handle that trunk. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, you big coward, scabbing on honest men. Why don't you join the union and be a man?"

Mary Condon's color had left her face, and it was apparent that she was in a white rage.

"To think of a big man like you turning traitor to his class. I suppose you're aching to join the militia for a chance to shoot down union drivers the next strike. You may belong to the militia already, for that matter. You're the sort——"

"Hold on, now, that's too much!" Bill dropped the trunk to the floor with a bang, straightened up, and thrust his hand into his inside coat pocket. "I told you I was only kiddin'. There, look at that."

It was a union card properly enough.

"All right, take it along," Mary Condon said. "And the next time don't kid."

Her face relaxed as she noticed the ease with which he got the big trunk to his shoulder, and her eyes glowed as they glanced over the graceful massiveness of the man. But Bill did not see that. He was too busy with the trunk.

The next time he saw Mary Condon was during the Laundry Strike. The Laundry Workers, but recently organized, were green at the business, and had petitioned Mary Condon to engineer the strike. Freddie Drummond had had an inkling of what was coming, and had sent Bill Totts to join the union and investigate. Bill's job was in the wash-room, and the men had been called out first, that morning, in order to stiffen the courage of the girls; and Bill chanced to be near the door to the mangle-room when Mary Condon started to enter. The superintendent, who was both large and stout, barred her way. He wasn't going to have his girls called out, and he'd teach her a lesson to mind her own business. And as Mary tried to squeeze past him he thrust her back with a fat hand on her shoulder. She glanced around and saw Bill.

"Here you are, Mr. Totts," she called. "Lend a hand. I want to get in."

Bill experienced a startle of warm surprise. She had remembered his name from his union card. The next moment the superintendent had been plucked from the doorway raving about rights under the law, and the girls were deserting their machines. During the rest of that short and successful strike Bill constituted himself Mary Condon's henchman and messenger, and when it was over returned to the University to be Freddie Drummond and to wonder what Bill Totts could see in such a woman.

Freddie Drummond was entirely safe, but Bill had fallen in love. There was no getting away from the fact of it, and it was this fact that had given Freddie Drummond his warning. Well, he had done his work, and his adventures could cease. There was no need for him to cross the Slot again. All but the last three chapters of his latest, "Labor Tactics and Strategy," was finished, and he had sufficient material on hand adequately to supply those chapters.

Another conclusion he arrived at, was that in order to sheet-anchor himself as Freddie Drummond, closer ties and relations in his own social nook were necessary. It was time that he was married, anyway, and he was fully aware that if Freddie Drummond didn't get married Bill Totts assuredly would, and the complications were too awful to contemplate. And so, enters Catherine Van Vorst. She was a college woman herself, and her father, the one wealthy member of the faculty, was the head of the Philosophy Department as well. It would be a wise marriage from every standpoint, Freddie Drummond concluded when the engagement was consummated and announced. In appearance cold and reserved, aristocratic and wholesomely conservative, Catherine Van Vorst, though warm in her way, possessed an inhibition equal to Drummond's.

All seemed well with him, but Freddie Drummond could not quite shake off the coil of the underworld, the lure of the free and open, of the unhampered, irresponsible life South of the Slot. As the time of his marriage approached, he felt that he had indeed sowed wild oats, and he felt, moreover, what a good thing it would be if he could have but one wild fling more, play the good fellow and the wastrel one last time, ere he settled down to gray lecture-rooms and sober matrimony. And, further

to tempt him, the very last chapter of "Labor Tactics and Strategy" remained unwritten for lack of a trifle more of essential data which he had neglected to gather.

So Freddie Drummond went down for the last time as Bill Totts, got his data, and, unfortunately, encountered Mary Condon. Once more installed in his study, it was not a pleasant thing to look back upon. It made his warning doubly imperative. Bill Totts had behaved abominably. Not only had he met Mary Condon at the Central Labor Council, but he had stopped in at a creamery with her, on the way home, and treated her to oysters. And before they parted at her door his arms had been about her, and he had kissed her on the lips, and kissed her repeatedly. And her last words in his ear, words uttered softly with a catchy sob in the throat that was nothing more nor less than a love cry, were "Bill . . . dear, dear Bill."

Freddie Drummond shuddered at the recollection. He saw the pit yawning for him. He was not by nature a polygamist, and he was appalled at the possibilities of the situation. It would have to be put an end to, and it would end in one only of two ways: either he must become wholly Bill Totts and be married to Mary Condon, or he must remain wholly Freddie Drummond and be married to Catherine Van Vorst. Otherwise, his conduct would be beneath contempt and horrible.

In the several months that followed San Francisco was torn with labor strife. The unions and the employers' associations had locked horns with a determination that looked as if they intended to settle the matter, one way or the other, for all time. But Freddie Drummond corrected proofs, lectured classes, and did not budge. He devoted himself to Catherine Van Vorst, and day by day found more to respect and admire in her—nay, even to love in her. The Street Car strike tempted him, but not so severely as he would have expected; and the great Meat Strike came on and left him cold. The ghost of Bill Totts had been successfully laid, and Freddie Drummond with rejuvenescent zeal tackled a brochure, long-planned, on the topic of "diminishing returns."

The wedding was two weeks off, when, one afternoon, in San Francisco, Catherine Van Vorst picked him up and whisked him away to see a Boys' Club, recently instituted

by the settlement workers with whom she was interested. It was her brother's machine, but they were alone with the exception of the chauffeur. At the junction with Kearney street, Market and Geary streets intersect like the sides of a sharp-angled letter "V." They, in the auto, were coming down Market with the intention of negotiating the sharp apex and going up Geary. But they did not know what was coming down Geary, timed by fate to meet them at the apex. While aware from the papers that the Meat Strike was on and that it was an exceedingly bitter one, all thought of it at that moment was farthest from Freddie Drummond's mind. Was he not seated beside Catherine? And, besides, he was carefully exposing to her his views on settlement work—views that Bill Totts' adventures had played a part in formulating.

Coming down Geary street were six meat wagons. Beside each scab driver sat a policeman. Front and rear, and along each side of this procession, marched a protecting escort of one hundred police. Behind the police rear-guard, at a respectful distance, was an orderly but vociferous mob, several blocks in length, that congested the street from sidewalk to sidewalk. The Beef Trust was making an effort to supply the hotels, and, incidentally, to begin the breaking of the strike. The St. Francis had already been supplied, at a cost of many broken windows and broken heads, and the expedition was marching to the relief of the Palace Hotel.

All unwitting, Drummond sat beside Catherine, talking settlement work, as the auto, honking methodically and dodging traffic, swung in a wide curve to get around the apex. A big coal wagon, loaded with lump coal and drawn by four huge horses, just debouching from Kearney street as though to turn down Market, blocked their way. The driver of the wagon seemed undecided, and the chauffeur, running slow but disregarding some shouted warning from the crossing policeman, swerved the auto to the left, violating the traffic rules, in order to pass in front of the wagon.

At that moment Freddie Drummond discontinued his conversation. Nor did he resume it again, for the situation was developing with the rapidity of a transformation scene. He heard the roar of the mob at

the rear, and caught a glimpse of the helmeted police and the lurching meat wagons. At the same moment, laying on his whip and standing up to his task; the coal driver rushed horses and wagon squarely in front of the advancing procession, pulled the horses up sharply, and put on the big brake. Then he made his lines fast to the brake-handle and sat down with the air of one who had stopped to stay. The auto had been brought to a stop, too, by his big panting leaders which had jammed against it.

Before the chauffeur could back clear an old Irishman, driving a rickety express wagon and lashing his one horse to a gallop, had locked wheels with the auto. Drummond recognized both horse and wagon, for he had driven them often himself. The Irishman was Pat Morrissey. On the other side a brewery wagon was locking with the coal wagon, and an east-bound Kearney street car, wildly clanging its gong, the motorman shouting defiance at the crossing policemen, was dashing forward to complete the blockade. And wagon after wagon was locking and blocking and adding to the confusion. The meat wagons halted. The police were trapped. The roar at the rear increased as the mob came on to the attack, while the vanguard of the police charged the obstructing wagons.

"We're in for it," Drummond remarked coolly to Catherine.

"Yes," she nodded, with equal coolness. "What savages they are."

His admiration for her doubled on itself. She was indeed his sort. He would have been satisfied with her even if she had screamed and clung to him, but this—this was magnificent. She sat in that storm center as calmly as if it had been no more than a block of carriages at the opera.

The police were struggling to clear a passage. The driver of the coal wagon, a big man in shirt sleeves, lighted a pipe and sat smoking. He glanced down complacently at a captain of police who was raving and cursing at him, and his only acknowledgment was a shrug of the shoulders. From the rear arose the rat-tat-tat of clubs on heads and a pandemonium of cursing, yelling, and shouting. A violent accession of noise proclaimed that the mob had broken through and was dragging a scab from a wagon. The police captain reinforced from his vanguard, and the mob at the rear was repelled. Meanwhile window

after window in the high office building on the right had been opened, and the class-conscious clerks were raining a shower of office furniture down on the heads of police and scabs. Waste-baskets, ink-bottles, paper-weights, typewriters—anything and everything that came to hand was filling the air.

A policeman, under orders from his captain, clambered to the lofty seat of the coal wagon to arrest the driver. And the driver, rising leisurely and peacefully to meet him, suddenly crumpled him in his arms and threw him down on top of the captain. The driver was a young giant, and when he climbed on top his load and poised a lump of coal in both hands, a policeman, who was just scaling the wagon from the side, let go and dropped back to earth. The captain ordered half a dozen of his men to take the wagon. The teamster, scrambling over the load from side to side, beat them down with huge lumps of coal.

The crowd on the sidewalks and the teamsters on the locked wagons roared encouragement and their own delight. The motorman, smashing helmets with his controller bar, was beaten into insensibility and dragged from his platform. The captain of police, beside himself at the repulse of his men, led the next assault on the coal wagon. A score of police were swarming up the tall-sided fortress. But the teamster multiplied himself. At times there were six or eight policemen rolling on the pavement and under the wagon. Engaged in repulsing an attack on the rear end of his fortress, the teamster turned about to see the captain just in the act of stepping on to the seat from the front end. He was still in the air and in most unstable equilibrium, when the teamster hurled a thirty-pound lump of coal. It caught the captain fairly on the chest, and he went over backward, striking on a wheeler's back, tumbling on to the ground, and jamming against the rear wheel of the auto.

Catherine thought he was dead, but he picked himself up and charged back. She reached out her gloved hand and patted the flank of the snorting, quivering horse. But Drummond did not notice the action. He had eyes for nothing save the battle of the coal wagon, while somewhere in his complicated psychology one Bill Totts was heaving and straining in an effort to come to life. Drummond believed in law and

order and the maintenance of the established, but this riotous savage within him would have none of it. Then, if ever, did Freddie Drummond call upon his iron inhibition to save him. But it is written that the house divided against itself must fall. And Freddie Drummond found that he had divided all the will and force of him with Bill Totts, and between them the entity that constituted the pair of them was being wrenched in twain.

Freddie Drummond sat in the auto, quite composed, alongside Catherine Van Vorst; but looking out of Freddie Drummond's eyes was Bill Totts, and somewhere behind those eyes, battling for the control of their mutual body, were Freddie Drummond, the sane and conservative sociologist, and Bill Totts, the class-conscious and bellicose union workingman. It was Bill Totts, looking out of those eyes, who saw the inevitable end of the battle on the coal wagon. He saw a policeman gain the top of the load, a second, and a third. They lurched clumsily on the loose footing, but their long riot-clubs were out and swinging. One blow caught the teamster on the head. A second he dodged, receiving it on the shoulder. For him the game was plainly up. He dashed in suddenly, clutched two policemen in his arms, and hurled himself a prisoner to the pavement, his hold never relaxing on his two captors.

Catherine Van Vorst was sick and faint at sight of the blood and brutal fighting. But her qualms were vanquished by the sensational and most unexpected happening that followed. The man beside her emitted an unearthly yell and rose to his feet. She saw him spring over the front seat, leap to the broad rump of the wheeler, and from their gain the wagon. His onslaught was like a whirlwind. Before the bewildered officer on top the load could guess the errand of this conventionally clad but excited-seeming gentlemen, he was the recipient of a punch that arched him back through the air to the pavement. A kick in the face led an ascending policeman to follow his example. A rush of three more gained the top and locked with Bill Totts in a gigantic clinch, during which his scalp was opened up by a club, and coat, vest, and half his starched shirt were torn from him. But the three policemen were flung wide and far, and Bill Totts, raining down lumps of coal, held the fort.

The captain led gallantly to the attack, but was bowled over by a chunk of coal that burst on his head in black baptism. The need of the police was to break the blockade in front before the mob could break in at the rear, and Bill Totts' need was to hold the wagon till the mob did break through. So the battle of the coal went on.

The crowd had recognized its champion, "Big" Bill, as usual, had come to the front, and Catherine Van Vorst was bewildered by the cries of "Bill! O you Bill!" that arose on every hand. Pat Morrissey, on his wagon seat, was jumping and screaming in an ecstasy, "Eat 'em, Bill! Eat 'em! Eat 'em alive!" From the sidewalk she heard a woman's voice cry out, "Look out, Bill—front end!" Bill took the warning and with well-directed coal cleaned the front end of the wagon of assailants. Catherine Van Vorst turned her head and saw on the curb of the sidewalk a woman with vivid coloring and flashing black eyes who was staring with all her soul at the man who had been Freddie Drummond a few minutes before.

The windows of the office building became vociferous with applause. The mob had broken through on one side the line of wagons, and was advancing, each segregated policeman the center of a fighting group. The scabs were torn from their seats, the traces of the horses cut, and the frightened animals put in flight. Many policemen crawled under the coal wagon for safety, while the loose horses, with here and there a policeman on their backs or struggling at their heads to hold them, surged across the sidewalk opposite the jam and broke into Market street.

Catherine Van Vorst heard the woman's voice calling in warning. She was back on the curb again, and crying out:

"Beat it, Bill! Now's your time! Beat it!"

The police for the moment had been swept away. Bill Totts leaped to the pavement and made his way to the woman on the sidewalk. Catherine Van Vorst saw her throw her arms around him and kiss him on the lips; and Catherine Van Vorst watched him curiously as he went on down the sidewalk, one arm around the woman, both talking and laughing, and he with a volubility and abandon she could never have dreamed possible.

The police were back again and clearing the jam while waiting for reinforcements and new drivers and horses. The mob had done its work and was scattering, and Catherine Van Vorst, still watching, could see the man she had known as Freddie Drummond. He towered a head above the crowd. His arm was still about the woman. And she in the motorcar, watching, saw the pair cross Market street, cross the Slot, and disappear down Third street into the labor ghetto.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the years that followed no more lec-

tures were given in the University of California by one Freddie Drummond, and no more books on economics and the labor question appeared over the name of Frederick A. Drummond. On the other hand there arose a new labor leader, William Totts by name. He it was who married Mary Condon, president of the International Glove Workers Union No. 974; and he it was who called the notorious Cooks and Waiters' strike, which, before its successful termination, brought out with it scores of other unions, among which, of the more remotely allied, were the Chicken Pickers and the Undertakers.



—From *The Masses*.

## CLASS STRUGGLE AND CLASS HATE

**C**LASS hatred? Why nobody that is grown up feels any class hatred when he is sitting home thinking about things. The doctrine of the class struggle is flatly opposed to class hate. It is a calm and loving acknowledgement of the fact that our problems arise out of a conflict of interests which are inevitable and all right—all right on both sides.

But of course after you go outdoors and get into the fight in a concrete situation, like that at Little Falls, where the knife is drawn and it's a clear case of life against profits, then you begin to see red, and you forget all about your theory, and start in

calling names. But we ought not to mind a few swear words now and then, so long as our general philosophy is sound. We don't have to shake hands at the end of each round. That would look silly.

But we do have to keep the spirit of sympathy and good sense alive in our hearts, and recognize all along that human's is human's. The true spirit for those on the under side of a class struggle is summed up forever in the greeting of Mother Jones to the Warden at San Quentin—"Poor boy, God damn your soul, you can't help it!"—From *The Masses*.



CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL.

## Doing Us Good—And Plenty

By Charles Edward Russell

WELL, fellow Americans, tariff reform wasn't the thing, after all, was it?

Do you remember how we were told year after year that the abominable tariff was the root of all our troubles? It was the tariff that increased the cost of living; it was because of the tariff that we were getting relatively poorer all the time. Whenever we pointed out that provisions were constantly growing dearer, clothing cost more, and rents were higher, the answer from the wise men was always pat.

Blame all this to the tariff, they said. It was behind the protecting wall of the tariff that all such evils grew.

They made the thing look rather plausible, too.

There was an import duty on meat, for instance. Therefore, we could bring no meat from abroad, and the American packer having no competition, could charge us what he pleased. That was the reason why meat was dear.

There was an import duty on wool; that was the reason why clothing was so dear.

There was an import duty on sugar; that was the reason why sugar was high and all articles into which sugar entered cost us so much.

There was an import duty on lumber; that made houses dear and rents high.

On practically everything we consumed was an import duty, and thus we suffered from it. To make living cheap, therefore, behold the simple, certain prescription—Reduce the tariff and you reduce the price we must pay.

Same way with the trusts.

Those hideous monsters of our dreams, how quickly they would vanish when the fierce, man-eating tariff should be driven from our midst! "The tariff is the origin of the trusts," sang from ocean to ocean a large, if indiscriminate, chorus. Some persons thought the trust question was complex and difficult to handle. Gifted thinkers that were editing Democratic newspapers knew better. The simple way to abolish the trusts was to abolish or reduce the tariff that nourished the trusts.

For instance, if beef were admitted free of duty, that would dispose of the Beef Trust, because then we could buy our meat from abroad and be independent and happy.

If sugar were admitted free the Sugar Trust would not last twenty-four hours. Put lumber on the free list and watch the Lumber Trust melt away, and rents come down with a rush. Reduce the tariff on steel and the Steel Trust would cease to bother and the Wire Trust be at rest.

And it seemed well that we should do something of the kind, for even to the dullest and fattest witted observer the situation was becoming alarming; if not for himself, being full of beef and mutton, at least to his country. You see the cost of living had been increasing rather rapidly for many years, and as wages had increased comparatively little, and in some instances not at all, this did seem to make a tough situation for the workingman. Even a fat millionaire Senator could see that—if it were brought to his attention often enough. It wasn't serious for him, of course, but it might be serious for somebody else.

As to the fact itself, that was not a matter of assertion; it was a matter of statistics as well as of common knowledge among the millions and millions affected by it. Of course old Senator Sorghum does not know anything about it from personal

experience, because an increase in the cost of his living is offset by the natural increase in his revenue from the investments that are fattened upon other folks. But he can very easily ascertain all about it if he will turn to the official and other reports. Thus, for instance, what are called "index numbers," a device for registering average prices on the markets, show that in twelve years the average cost of living has increased 50 per cent, and in seventeen years it has increased nearly 80 per cent, but in the same period of seventeen years the average of wages and salaries has increased no more than 20 per cent.

In other words, here is demonstration for the well-fed Senators of a fact that to all the workers needs no other demonstration than their experience. The worker in America is constantly growing poorer. Every year he must pay more for practically everything he buys, and whatever good luck he may have had in securing an increase of wages the prices have soared faster than his income. Every worker knows this. It is only set down here to explain what happened to the mind of Senator Sorghum when the fact was driven in upon him.

Not only is the cost of living increasing more rapidly than any increase in wages, but every time wages are forced up, whether by strikes, threats, appeals, the work of the unions or what else, the fact is made an excuse for jacking up the cost of living another notch, so that the increase in the good man's wage really reacts to his disadvantage.

Thus, when in 1910 the anthracite coal miners succeeded in extracting from the Coal Trust a slight increase in their wages, the Trust immediately used the fact as an excuse to advance the price of coal 25 cents a ton, and thereby increased its income \$15,000,000 a year; whereas the increase of wages it had granted to the miners cost the Trust only \$6,440,000 a year—thus adding \$8,560,000 net to its yearly gouge. But the increase of 25 cents a ton went into the production cost and the transportation cost of 90 per cent of the things the miners bought; with the result that they were no better off than they were before.

But the Trust had \$8,560,000 more to divide.

All these facts were undeniable and not

pleasant to contemplate, even to the gentlemen of the professional and well-to-do classes, to whom exclusively (for some reason never disclosed) we entrust our government.

It was all well enough to have a working class perpetually on a lower social plane, but if that working class was every year being worse fed and worse housed, and was getting constantly poorer, those among our legislators that were able to think at all conceived that the outlook was not wholly reassuring.

Suppose the working class, for example, under such conditions, should get tired of being forever fooled into supporting Lawyer Sorghum and Politician Mazuma; suppose the worker should quit voting for his employers, as represented in the Republican and Democratic parties, and begin to vote for himself. You see the possibilities were not nice. Of course the worker never had revolted nor shown signs of insubordination in his politics, but there was no telling what might happen in such an extraordinary situation. Where the cost of living was always increasing, and there was no corresponding increase in wages, was every possibility of trouble. Every year it was harder for the workingman's wife to make her husband's income buy the food for the household and clothe the children; every year she must scrimp more and practice more self-denial; and every year the chances for the children grew worse.

For all this again some of the well-fed contingent told us the simple remedy was to reduce the tariff. If we could import the articles now monopolized by the innumerable trusts the trusts would dry up and blow away all commodities would necessarily be cheapened, and, of course, down would come the cost of living.

Workingmen were told this throughout the campaign of 1912, and seemed to believe what they were told, for the country elected a Democratic President and a Congress Democratic in both houses, and this Democratic administration promptly applied the simple remedy that had been doped out by the wise men. Congress passed the law reducing the tariff on most things and abolishing it on those important articles that were supposed to control the high cost of living.

Bread was put on the free list; so were crackers.

Meat was put on the free list.

Milk and eggs, potatoes, cattle and hogs, fruits and lard were put on the free list.

Wool was put on the free list.

Corn and cornmeal were put on the free list; so were bacon and hams.

Lumber was put on the free list.

Wheat and flour were put practically on the free list.

Coal was put on the free list to reduce manufacturing cost and household expenses; so was kerosene.

Iron ore, pig iron, hides, leather, boots and shoes, cotton, steel ingots, billets and slabs were put on the free list.

The duty on sugar was greatly reduced for the time being, to be abolished a little later.

Salt was put on the free list; so were fresh water fish.

As you will see, a whole bill of fare, and then some.

This great and wonderful reform has now been in operation about one year.

The result is that the cost of living has not been reduced; the trusts have not been busted, but only benefited; the situation of labor has not been improved.

Exactly as before, the workers continue to grow poorer. The cost of living continues to increase upon them. There is no corresponding increase in their wages. The winter of 1913-14 was the worst that the working class has seen in the country for many years; more men were out of work; there was in all parts of the country a more acute distress. Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, and many other cities saw demonstrations by the unemployed the like of which had never before been witnessed in American communities. In New York the charitable societies estimated that there were 350,000 men without employment, and it was admitted that the resources of the city government and of private charity were utterly unable to cope with the situation. Many of the unions were caring for unusual numbers of the destitute among their members. In more than one city the well-to-do were appalled at the plain manifestations of distress and discontent among what are called in snobbish speech "the unfortunate."

So it is apparent, brethren, that Tariff Reform isn't the thing; they were not giving to us the correct dope when they handed that out. We have had the blessed old tariff

reformed and reduced and amputated and tinkered with in every way those experts could suggest, and the trouble keeps on exactly as before.

Still the cost of living increases, and there is no corresponding increase in wages and salaries. Still, therefore, the whole working class is getting poorer and the prospect for the children of that class gets darker.

But the tariff tinkerers were not the only Old Docs that undertook to find a cure for these augmenting troubles. A great many declared that at bottom the whole thing was a question of getting more out of the land. We were not producing enough.

Thus, if we produced more wheat the price would fall, and that would bring down the price of bread, and when bread fell of course other things would fall, too, and there you are with a full solution. Back to the farm—that was the grand idea. Let everybody go to farming. Only a small part of the total surface of the land was cultivated. Immense areas in addition were susceptible of cultivation. Let all those now suffering from poverty in our cities go west and turn farmer. This would relieve the congestion in the labor market and at the same time reduce the cost of living by increasing enormously the supplies of food. How the people of the cities were to get possession of farms was not explained, nor how if they got the land they would find farming profitable when the prices of all farm products were to be cut in half or so. But trifles like these were not allowed to stand in the way of the only true and infallible remedy for all the ills of the nation. Hence, back to the land! Let everybody turn farmer! Shoes, probably, would grow on trees, and trousers on bushes Anyway, back to the land!

Well, it seems we have been going bauk to the land, and we have been increasing our farm products, and yet nobody can detect any change in the general situation, except that it grows worse.

I have here the figures before me. In 1913 there were more farms than ever, and they produced more food. The value of the farm products raised in the United States in that year was more than six billion dollars, and exceeded any crop records in our history. We raised about twice as much in 1913 as we raised in 1899, and a billion dollars' worth more than we raised in 1909. It was the bumper crop of America.

The number of farms had increased 11 per cent since 1910. The total number in 1913 was 6,600,000.

So we have been going back to the land, and we have been applying this far-famed remedy, and these are the results. I do not need to preach any pessimistic view of the outcome. An official bulletin of the Agricultural Department tells the story and supplies the comment. First, the facts. The bulletin says:

Corn, with a value of \$1,692,000,000, comprised 28 per cent of the value of all crops, although the volume was under the record. The other principal crops with values are given in the order in which they come: Cotton, \$798,000,000; hay, \$797,000,000; wheat—the largest crop ever raised in this country—\$610,000,000; oats, \$440,000,000; potatoes, \$228,000,000; tobacco, \$122,000,000; barley, \$96,000,000; sweet potatoes, \$43,000,000; sugar beets, \$34,000,000; Louisiana cane sugar, \$26,000,000; rye, \$26,000,000; rice, \$22,000,000; flaxseed, \$21,000,000; hops \$15,000,000; buckwheat, \$10,000,000.

In quantity of estimated production the record has been broken by wheat, rye, rice, sugar beets, beet sugar, and the total of beet and cane sugar. Of the remaining crops, oats, barley, cotton and hops have been exceeded twice in production.

The value of the crops of 1913 is high. A new high record in estimated value is made by the total of all cereals, and separately by corn, cotton, cottonseed, tobacco, and sugar beets. Only once has there been a higher estimated value of oats, rye, rice, potatoes, hay, hops, and the total of beet and cane sugar. Only twice has the estimated value of wheat and of beet sugar been exceeded.

Dairy products of 1913 are estimated at more than \$814,000,000; eggs and fowls have an estimated value of more than \$578,000,000.

The wool production of 1913 was estimated at 304,000,000 pounds.

The prices of fourteen principal crops average about 20.2 per cent higher than a year ago and 4.6 per cent higher than two years ago. Their total values average about 3.8 per cent higher than a year ago and 7.6 per cent higher than two years ago.

The value of the agricultural exports of domestic production in the fiscal year 1913 was \$1,123,021,469, an amount which has not before been equaled. The reexports, otherwise called the exports of foreign agricultural products, are estimated at \$12,000,000. The socalled balance of trade in agricultural products is in favor of the exports of domestic farm products by \$296,000,000.

The cotton crop now seems to be established in value as next in order after corn. The lint of this crop in 1913, at the price of December 1, had an estimated value of \$798,000,000, and this was not equaled in any former year. It is 14½ per cent above the average of the preceding five years. The estimated number of bales of 500 pounds gross weight in this crop is 13,677,000; consequently, this crop has been exceeded in

quantity by the crops of 1911 and 1912. If the estimated value of the cotton seed is added to that of lint, the total farm value of this crop amounts to \$945,000,000, an increase of 16 per cent over the average of the previous five years.

That seems to make the back to the farm argument look pretty sick. But listen to what the department says:

However desirable increased production on farms may appear to be from the consumer's standpoint, it does not follow that such increased production would result in any increase in the cash income per farm or per capita of farm population, or that prices paid by consumers would be any lower.

Had the total production in 1913 equaled or exceeded the 1912 production, it seems probable that the cash income per farm would not have been greater, and might have been less than in 1912; but it is extremely doubtful whether the cost to the consumer would have been any less, because retail prices are promptly raised on a prospect of underproduction, but are very slow to decline if there is overproduction.

So it seems there is little hope here; the prices of food continue to increase, but the farmer gets nothing of the increase.

Something deeper and far more radical than this seems to be our ailment.

Not long ago Congressman H. W. Summers of Texas, who represents a cotton growing constituency, made a sensation in the House of Representatives by a speech on the condition of the Southern farmer. He said:

It is said that the man who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew is a public benefactor, but we are offering mighty poor encouragement for the two-blade production if the two blades bring less money than the one would have brought.

In 1910 Southern farmers produced 12,000,000 bales of cotton. The world said that was not enough. The next year they produced 16,000,000 bales. It cost them millions of dollars more. The world's appreciation was shown by penalizing them \$125,000,000. The corn crop of 1912 was considerably larger than that of the preceding year, yet it brought \$50,000,000 less.

Plainly, then, the farmer is not getting the profit from the increased cost of living.

To a worker no demonstration is needed that the working class is not getting it; he knows that well enough from his own daily experience. For the benefit of others it may be well to refer again to the statistics. The census of 1910 showed that the average income of a workingman that was the head of a family was a trifle over \$500 a year. Investigations of the Agricultural Department showed a year or two ago that to sup-

port an average family in anything like decency anywhere in the United States at least \$900 a year would be required. The New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor recently went into this subject scientifically, and its tests showed that the conclusions of the Agricultural Department were too optimistic. The Association took twenty-seven tenement house families that it was caring for, and, after deliberate investigation, adduced the following table as giving the least a family could subsist upon in New York city, anyway:

Rent and light.....	\$.65
Food .....	1.298
Clothing .....	.433
Fuel .....	.045
Lunches .....	.089
Dues .....	.068
Medicine .....	.079
Ice .....	.05
Carfare .....	.065
Household supplies.....	.091
Miscellaneous .....	.097
Total daily budget .....	\$.2,965
Total yearly budget .....	\$1,082.00

If we take the Agricultural Department's figures as indicating the best that can be done in small communities, which is probably the case, and the tables of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor as showing the conditions in larger cities, we must be appalled at the next fact we are called upon to contemplate, which is that an analysis of the income tax facts of 1913 showed that 96 per cent of the people of the United States that have any income at all, whether from wages, salaries or investments, have an average annual income of \$601.

It is very common among well-fed persons that think superficially, or not at all, to push aside any such terrible facts as these by saying that anyway the worker can better his condition if he wishes to do so. All he needs to do is to practice thrift, economy, zeal and other virtues, and be diligent in the performance of his duties. If he is faithful and intelligent he is sure to rise, and meantime let him deny himself and put money in the savings bank and get rich and independent.

Having delivered himself of which, this kind of a philosopher usually lights a fresh cigar and delivers an impressive lecture on the improvidence of the working classes. The thing has become so common that we

even have now a National Thrift Society for the purpose of teaching workingmen and their wives how to make two dishes of one soup bone and to turn papa's trousers a third time for little Willie.

It is easy enough for a man with an income of \$25,000 a year to preach thrift. If he were one of the many millions of workers whose average annual income is \$500 with a \$900 family to support his eloquence on this subject would drop a little. How are you to practice economy when every cent you can earn or hope to earn is swept away the moment it touches your hand by pressing needs and imperative demands? The Thrift Society has not told us this. I wish it would in the next beautifully printed bulletin.

But about this matter of improving your condition and rising in the world and all that.

It is customarily put forth with a wealth of instances to make the grand old truth apparent to every workingman. James J. Hill began life as a farmer's boy, Charles M. Hays was an obscure clerk in a railroad office, Thomas F. Ryan's first job was to sweep out a store at \$3 a week, Charles M. Schwab used to be a workman in an iron mill, Andrew Carnegie landed on these shores all but penniless. See? These are the opportunities offered in this country to men that are zealous and industrious. Be zealous; that's the thing. Regard your employer's interest as your own. Serve him faithfully and get your wages increased. Then you will not have to complain about hard times and the increased cost of living.

Yes. Well, there is about one foreman, overseer, superintendent or other salaried officer to every 333 workers, so that even at the best the gaudy prospect offered by this prescription is that maybe one person in 333 can rise and the rest must remain exactly as they are, no matter how hard they may strive, no matter how diligent, industrious, zealous and serviceable they may be. They can wear out their hearts and lives in the effort to improve their condition, and have nothing to show for it but their pains.

This is on the theory that all officers of all corporations and industries are taken from the ranks, and that such officers have the same average length of life that workers have.

But, as a matter of fact, the situation is

much worse than I have shown, because most officers are not taken from the ranks, and the average length of life among them is much greater than among toilers.

Prof. Scott Nearing, in his valuable book, "Financing the Wage Earner's Family," has some interesting facts that illuminate this subject. He takes the railroad worker as a typical case, which is good, since it is the officer of the railroad that is most frequently held up to the admiring throng as an example of "getting on in the world."

It appears that ostensibly and on the face of the returns a railroad trainman has one chance in three hundred of becoming some kind of an officer on his line, but he has every year a far greater chance of being killed in the performance of his duty for his kind and generous employer. Every year he has one chance in twenty of being injured and one chance in one hundred of being killed. If he shall work as long as twenty years while he seeks by diligence and zeal to better his condition, the chances are even that in that period he will be injured, and one to six that he will be killed, so that the chance of being injured is three hundred times as great and of being killed is fifty times as great as his chance of becoming a general officer in the company.

From this and other illustrations Prof. Nearing deduces that the tendency of modern industry is toward a form of organization that will require the wage-worker to remain a wage-worker, and without the least hope of being anything else.

Prof. Nearing also seems to find that when a worker reaches thirty years of age the slender, elusive chances he may have had, one in three hundred or four hundred of securing a better position, are practically exhausted, and from that time on he can look for nothing better, but only things worse. At thirty he has reached the maximum of his earning power. But there is no limit to the minimum, for wages are always subject to contingencies of sickness, accidents, suspensions in the industry, over-production, new inventions and the like.

So while the cost of living increases upon this working class and there is no corresponding increase in its wages, it is confronted with an iron-bound condition that offers no possible escape from a state steadily growing worse. This is not the deduction of an agitator; it is the conclusion

of the highest authority in the United States on work and wages.

No, it is perfectly obvious that the working man is not getting any of the profit that is reaped from the increased cost of living. Nor is the working woman. Mr. Abram I. Elkus, of the recent New York State Commission to investigate factory conditions, made a searching inquiry about two great industries that employed together 10,893 women, and found that hundreds of these women received a compensation of \$3 a week or less, while other hundreds received less than \$8 each. On this he said:

"Some remedy is needed for such conditions. You know and I know that women can't live and keep body and soul together on such a wage as this. We have got to give the employes a living wage."

Miss Mary Dreier, another investigator, said that the object of the state was to discover if there were any industries that were paying wages upon which employees could not live, and the Commission had ascertained that there were thousands of girls earning from \$3.50 to \$7 a week.

"We know they can't live properly on that," said Miss Dreier, "and still they go along doing the best they can. We also know big able-bodied men earning not more than \$7 or \$9 a week. They have families to support, and we know it can't be done."

Miss Dreier said that in one store she

(Mr. Russell will answer this question in the August number)

investigated the rule was that the chairs for sales girls which were required by law were not to be used, and that the girls were afraid to tell about it.

"Why is that?" she asked.

A girl in the crowd called back, "Black-list."

So it appears that not only do these women work for less than enough to live on, but they are denied the right of speaking about the conditions under which they work, even when those conditions violate the law. Some one with an expert mind should point out the difference between such a situation and the slavery that existed in the South before the Civil War.

Still, the great toll is collected, and more of it every year, for still the perilous condition is maintained under which the cost of living is increasing, and there is no corresponding increase in wages and salaries. Where, then, does the tribute go? The farmer does not get it, but complains all the time of diminished returns for his hard work, complains so bitterly that he is now organizing or trying to organize a huge marketing system of his own that will save him a part of the money now taken from him. The worker does not get it, because he grows always poorer, and slides downward to lower standards of living and bleaker prospects for himself and his children. Where does it go?

### The Marseillaise in the Tombs

Written by Upton Sinclair on hearing the four girls who were arrested with him for picketing the Standard Oil offices, singing the Marseillaise in the next cell to his in the Tombs prison, New York.

**F**IRST comes the settler with his ax and plow,  
He clears the land and founds the future state;  
A Freeman, proud and happy in his toil,  
Sure that the nation will be strong and great;  
Then comes the trader, with his cunning wiles,  
He takes the land—the freeman is a slave;  
And justice sleeps, hatred and murder reign,  
Hunger and want pursue men to their grave.

They rear the prison with its iron bars,  
And all the solemn majesty of law;  
But hark, the sound! The prison walls awake,  
The song that roused a people into war.  
Rejoice, rejoice! The voice of hope is heard,  
There are no bars forged by the powers of wrong,  
There stands no prison upon God's fair earth  
That can withstand the fury of that song.



EXPERTS ASSORTING TOBACCO.

## The Poor Man's Smoke

By Marion Wright

**T**HANK goodness! the working man is still permitted "baccy," though the noonday and evening pipe is about the only consolation left in some parts to the man who toils by capitalist and capricious reformer. Bad habit it undoubtedly is, but there is many a philosophic comforter born in a wreath of smoke. Mark Twain died with a cigar in his mouth, and often stated that tobacco was his greatest aid. The average man feels at peace with the world when he is smoking and no remedy that will dissipate a grouch should be considered more harmful than the disease.

As "Havana," in speaking of tobacco, calls to mind our millionaire friends in their plush clubs, we will consider a less pretentious, though not one whit inferior brand of tobacco—the Filipino. And in passing let us prick with the point of our meddlesome pen the Havana bubble. Know ye, all who pull out a "two-fer-a-

quarter pure Havana cigar," and dream pure Havana dreams, that there is only one small valley in the world that produces genuine Havana tobacco. This lies near the city of that name in Cuba and its crop is contracted for years in advance. There is not enough Havana tobacco grown in a year if root, stalk and leaf were used, to put a wisp half as big as a broomstraw in one ten-thousandth of the "pure Havana cigars" sold in the world in one month. The Havana fake is on a par with that of French champagne. Experts have proved by facts and figures that there is not enough acreage in wine grapes in all France to produce the wine sold under one standard brand in the United States alone, to say nothing of the amount consumed in the great capitals of Europe. So let us forget the aristocrat with his exclusive brand and turn to tobacco that is tobacco and of which there is such an abundance that it will be long

permitted to live honestly under its own name.

The Philippines is the home of tobacco. There, almost without exception, men, women and children smoke. You can get a light from a naked youngster of six or from a grandma smoking a cigar six inches long and thick as a longshoreman's thumb. A package of thirty cigarettes of the best costs a nickel. A cigar you will pay a quarter for at home comes to five cents gold in the islands, while one producing a snowy white ash—no dull gray, but hard white—can be procured at the rate of three for five. This is the smoker's paradise. No wonder from Manila alone are exported 196 million cigars and 33 million cigarettes every year. No wonder the total product of its factories is four times as many cigars and fifty times as many cigarettes. No wonder one factory alone turns out twenty thousand cigars and six to seven million machine-made cigarettes a day. No wonder the employes of this factory work at their machines on piece work from four o'clock in the morning to five o'clock in the afternoon. No wonder that with an hour and a half for their simple meal of rice and fish employes in the same factory stay with their hand piece work from seven o'clock in the morning to ten o'clock at night.

Let us visit a typical factory, in a clean, well-ventilated room; seven hundred men and women of the fifteen hundred employed are at work. There is no smell save an indistinct fragrance, the fragrance that one gets as one buries one's nose in the best Christmas present to friends at home—a box of Manilas.

Cleanliness and ventilation are the two essentials for contented workmen and the tobacco factories of Manila satisfy both these requirements, each of the large factories having its own plantation or hacienda. This was not always true, but the vendors of other brands of tobacco fought the Philippine product savagely on sanitary grounds alone. "You may be smoking Asiatic plague or other vile diseases of the Orient," they warned the man who asked for a "Manila." Manufacturers of Manila went their critics one better by making their factories real models of cleanliness. If the thing were

possible, they carried the point to an extreme, employes being required to dress in spotless white.

One company in the Philippines owns forty thousand acres of the best tobacco land in the islands and operates the largest cigar factory in the world. It has more than eight thousand tenants on its various plantations and in addition owns and operates ten large steamers, with ninety smaller vessels, making a fleet of one hundred ships. There are in addition innumerable small growers who are willing to sell to the buyers who go up and down through the provinces. Tobacco comes from Isabela and Ilocos Norte, but the great tobacco growing district is the valley of the Rio Grande de Cagayan.

At one time the tobacco growers used to dispose of their crop before it was ready to dry, but since the American occupation the advice of experts has produced a radical change both in the quality and in the quantity.

On the hacienda, the most primitive methods of cultivation are in use. The tiny wooden plow is of Chinese origin, with narrow iron shoes shaped like wings. The only work animal is the carabao, slow-moving servant of a slow-moving master.

The seed beds must be on high ground, well exposed to wind and sun. They cover from forty to fifty feet square.

The seeds are taken from the pods of plants with the finest flowers, kept in earthen jars to protect them against moisture. They are mixed with fine dry sand or ashes and pressed down with the bare foot into the prepared soil. When the young plants begin to show above the ground they are provided with house covering of bamboo or banana leaves from early morning to evening. Day and night the grower watches them like children. After a month and a half or two months the plants are taken up and carefully pulled on moonlight nights or in the cool of the early morning, and then transplanted to a new home where they will have more room to grow. If three weeks after their move they show steady signs of growth the plow is again brought to bear over the land between the rows, and another two months later they are



"ON A LEDGE IS A LITTLE POT OF GUM—EVERYTHING ELSE IN THE FACTORY IS FILIPINO."

trimmed so as to produce nothing but thick, gummy leaves. As soon as the leaves develop the hardest work begins.

Tobacco insects are not only numerous but increasing in their ravages, day and night; day in and day out, in rain or sunshine, men, women and children have to be up and doing. It is a weird sight to see, by the light of moving torches, the varicolored figures bending anxiously over their precious charges. Green bugs make for the top of the plant, yellow bugs attack the leaves, black bugs perforate the trunk, white moths fly around the leaves, laying their eggs here, there and everywhere to create an army of caterpillars ready for everlasting damage.

If the leaves ever assume the yellow tinge which shows that ripening has commenced it is for no lack of care.

Drying takes from twenty-five to thirty days—or a little less in the sun. The grower has not learned the quality of fresh green leaves, so he arranges them according to size after being dampened and tied up in bales. If the buyer is buying from a private grower the price per

bale is already fixed before the bargain is struck. The only question is as to the grade to which the leaves belong. First-class leaves will fetch seven dollars gold; fifth-class leaves will fetch twenty-five cents, though by reasonable care a grower can get twenty-eight times as much. Every factory in Manila has an output onto the Pasig river, or onto one or another of the countless small streams that run into the river. The tobacco is landed at the back door and carried straight up to the drying room. Here it is given a hot-air treatment. As soon as the treatment is deemed sufficient the leaves are taken out. In some cases they have not been stripped and a stalk or a small leaf has yet to be taken out. Old women and children do this work. It is unskilled labor, but experts are required to grade the tobacco leaves. The double grading seems unnecessary, but the "tobaquero" dare not risk sending out poor material for good. The leaf is now ready for making into the finished product. If it is for cigarettes it has to be chopped up fine. In one end of the ma-

chine goes the chopped tobacco; out at the other end comes the finished cigarette. There is no hand interference. Gum and paper is supplied en route. The cigarettes are rapidly carried to a small table. Here sits the worker with her packages. Each package holds thirty, no more or less. A girl who is quick at her work can count thirties out of the heap at the rate of four thousand an hour. There is no actual counting. Her right hand on the heap—and opens it ready for the grip. Like lightning it closes on the right number. With the left she draws an empty package towards the filled hand. Another flash and the package is no longer empty. A rapid movement and the cigarettes are lightly pressed down and ready for the consumer.

The cigar process is different. The leaves, now properly graded, are laid flat on the table. With a sharp, broad knife they are cut into the required length and shape. On a ledge is a little pot of gum. Everything else in the factory is Filipino but this and the wood of the cigar boxes, which comes from Germany. The leaves

are rolled between the hands gradually over and over till, from a flat, shapeless mass, they begin to assume the form of a cigar. Then the gum is applied with the tip of the finger where it is necessary, and the rolling and the gumming continue until it assumes the elongated oval shape that has come to be the perquisite of a cigar.

Now one would think that the box stage has been reached, but there are several steps to be gone through yet. Some smokers like a dark cigar, some a light "Colorado" and "Claro"—terms well known to connoisseurs—and between "Colorado" and "Claro" are "Colorado Claro" and "Claro Colorado," which designate the cigar that is neither very light nor very dark. Behind a dark gauze shade, to exclude anything but the pure light, an old man is patiently putting cigars in their proper class. He never errs, he never hesitates. Every cigar goes surely into its own group, and as one looks into the groups one stands amazed at the absolute equality of color.



PACKING CIGARETTES.

"A Girl Who Is Quick at Her Work Can Count Thirties Out of the Heap at the Rate of Four Thousand an Hour."

The best are wrapped up in silver paper, in gold paper, or even inclosed in a hermetically sealed glass tube. Here they lie awaiting the time when they will be drawn out for use, to do their duty to chase away troubles, to make and keep friends, to soothe the nervous, to bring back remembrances of home and the girl. We have seen all there is to see. We ask for a "fosforo," we draw from our pocket the luscious weed the factory has just given us for a reminder, we carefully draw off its wrappings and throw them to

the winds, the lighted match is applied to the pointed end, one puff and all our thought is of what we have seen and gone through. The rapid movement of countless hands, the thousand odd intent workers, the wonderful issue of that factory is typical of other factories in Manila, of the whole islands. It is a far cry from the busy, troubled "tao" in the far-off Cagayan valley to the little red store on the corner, but tobacco bridges the gulf. Let us smile, smoke and be thankful.

## ONE BIG UNION

### BY WADE SHURTLEFF

Secretary Ohio State Federation of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks.

I DO not believe in strikes in the transportation industry. As transportation workers we should be so well organized that strikes would not be necessary. During the month of March, 1913, we had a flood in Ohio. Cleveland escaped without loss of life, but our flats were flooded, the railroads were crippled, and what happened? In one day elevators began shutting down, steam coal doubled itself in price, meat from out of town could not be had at any price, and poultry went up in price from 15 to 24 cents a pound. This all happened with four roads out of commission—what would have happened if all the roads had been tied up? Cleveland would have been starving in two days.

With this evidence of the necessity that the railroads be kept running, why have not the Illinois Central boys won their strike long before this? You can not say the boys have not fought, yes, even unto death; they have filled the jails, starved and stood steadfast, and yet after nineteen months we find them still on the firing line—going to win, this we know and are sure of, but why have they not won long before this?

The answer is simple: We are not organized right. We fight right. Many of the trades have said in the past that the clerks would not fight, yet on the Illinois Central the union clerks came out

to a man, and helped to fill the jails in the fight.

The Machinists, Boiler Makers, Car Men, Blacksmiths and Helpers, Steamfitters, Sheet Metal Workers, Painters, Brotherhood of Railway Clerks and Laborers, all came out, and have remained out. But on the other hand we find the Federation of Labor Freight Handlers and the Federation of Labor Telegraph Operators still working. Think of it—working with seven other of the Federation of Labor unions battling for their lives. And along with them are the independent brotherhoods. We can hardly blame the Brotherhood of Trainmen, Firemen, Engineers, Conductors and others not affiliated with the Federation of Labor for remaining at work and looking with suspicion on the transportation workers in the Federation of Labor where they scab on each other.

The question for the boys to decide is, do they want an organization that can lick the boss, and do it without a strike, or do they want to go through more of the Illinois Central experiences? It is up to them, not the officers, but the rank and file who do all the suffering, and pay all the dues. When they say it shall stop it will stop, and not until then.

Did you ever stop to think—the capitalistic class has; it is a reason why they fight the federation so—that there is not

more than three days' supply of food in any city? There is not more than two weeks' supply of coal. That today when a craft on the railroad goes out on strike, instead of having to fight the railroad corporations of the country (for the railroad corporations are united into one big union—and they make an injury to one the concern of all, and well do the I. C. boys know this), instead of having to battle with them, we find 35 different other trades or craft organizations that we have to lick before we can reach the boss. Is it any wonder that it takes us nineteen months to do the job? Give us one big union of all the transportation workers, and if we had a strike we would all strike together. Well, boys, there is only two or three days' of supply in any city—leave that sink in—the railroads would have to come to terms inside of a week, or the railroad officials and the capitalist class would have a taste of the bread line that they never had before, and when it came to doing without their regulars they would not be in it with the working class, who are not only used to it, but in such a case would be prepared for it. But there would be no starving, there would be no strike; we would come to an agreement and the agreement would be just what the transportation workers asked for.

And how can this be accomplished? Nothing easier. Just **One Big Union.**

Now do not howl Knights of Labor at me. I know they accomplished more while in existence than was ever accomplished before or since with their one big imperfectly formed union, but organized capital put one over on them by getting the wage workers to divide their forces into separate craft unions and have been whipping them ever since. Do not howl A. R. U. and Debs. We know their mixed transportation organization was not organized right, even though it took the U. S. army along with union scabs to whip them. And do not throw up your hands in horror and scream I. W. W. sabotage, although that word "sabotage" makes the chills run up the back of every cockroach capitalist who lives on dividends. Forget them all. Neither do I wish to destroy the present brotherhoods or unions on the railroads. I simply want them to make good that long suit cry of theirs that "In union there is strength," and get together into **One Big Union.** Not a loose Federation in which the F. of L. telegraphers can be working—some of us call it scabbing—while the F. of L. clerks are striking, but one Federation of all railroad organizations, with one general head, with a common defense fund into which we could all pay and from which we could all draw. When such an organization is formed there will be no more strikes.

## LEST WE FORGET

By Kate Sadler

**A** GREAT Historical Event took place in Seattle on May 30, 1914. Memorial Day has taken on a new meaning. It has been clothed with a Dignity and Grandeur that no military celebration could ever have brought to it. This came through Labor's efforts, as all else has come. Seattle has set an example to the Labor Movement of the UNITED STATES which is best expressed in the old saying, Go thou and do likewise. Here is where Imitation will surely become the sincerest flattery. Labor has changed this DAY, as it will change all other days,

whenever Labor sufficiently exerts itself and forgets the master, focusing its eyes upon the men, women and children of its own ranks and upon INDUSTRY, from which all must draw their sustenance.

Yes, Labor determined that the time had come to pay loving tribute to its own dead, to commemorate as an HISTORIC EVENT those who have fallen in the TERRIBLE INDUSTRIAL BATTLES, those who have been murdered quickly, and those whose lives have been one long agony of toil. The babe, the youth, the middle aged and the old, all, all are remembered, as witnesseth the evergreen



Photo by Villers, Seattle.

LABOR'S MEMORIAL DAY, SEATTLE.

float entitled, "LEST WE FORGET." Upon their fallen bodies, upon their crushed and bleeding forms, upon their broken hearts and despite their anguished protests has been built our so-called civilization.

And so we gathered, the different groups or units forming at their own headquarters and marching from there to the trysting place, the "Labor Temple," at Sixth and Union streets. Arriving about noon at the Fifth Ward headquarters, Socialist Party, I found the place crowded, and lunch being served. After eating we formed in line outside, the Finnish Local No. 2 being in the lead. Promptly at 1:30 p. m. the march to the Labor Temple began. At Sixth and Olive streets a small group from the rival S. P. awaited us, falling in behind the Fifth Ward, attesting the solidarity possible in a common cause. The next organization we came upon was the I. W. W. waiting under their banner of ONE BIG UNION. As soon as the REDS hove in sight all bearing upon their breasts long red badges with the wording "IN MEMORY OF LABOR'S DEAD" printed in black thereon, they were greeted with loud cheers. The clarion notes of a bugle played by an I. W. W., gave us the MARSEILLAISE, followed by the RED FLAG, sung to the end.

It looked as though some objections

were going to be raised over the red badges of the Socialists and the banner of the I. W. W.; but Business Agent Doyle of the Central Labor Council was given to understand that we marched that way or not at all.

At last all was ready, with floats reminding us of CALUMET, of LUDLOW, and of all those who have gone before battling for bread. The Socialist banners (Workers of the World Unite) called forth cheers all along the line. Seattle's sidewalks and windows were filled with a sea of humanity gazing upon LABOR'S AWAKENING TO ITS DUTY TO ITS OWN DEAD. Miles upon miles of marchers, four abreast, solemn men and women, conscious of their DIVINE MISSION and the CAUSE that they served, with heads held high, as becomes Intelligent Workers. Many Grand Army comrades were among us, proud of their bronze button, prouder of their RED button, which carries with it the greatest comradeship the world has ever known. See the Trinity of Labor and of Love as it winds slowly along the streets of Seattle—the MAN, the WOMAN and the CHILD. A Nation's wealth lies in the wellbeing of the least of these. We have been blind, but now we see with a class-conscious vision. At last it dawns—consciousness, class consciousness.

Oh! GENTLEMEN of the RAINIER CLUB, as ye sate at the windows and watched the ranks of Labor file past—and the flunkies on your steps—what would I not give to have been able to read your respective thoughts then. Did the raised clinched fists mean anything to you? Did that hoarse cry, "Remember Ludlow," blanch your cheeks, or contract your hearts, if such an organ still functions in your soft white bodies? Remember Ludlow—Historic rallying cry. Up to our nostrils comes the smell of burning flesh—tender babies' flesh—the price of which no man on earth can tell. But the women, the MOTHERS of this and every other Nation know. And because of this thing which you have done to the next generation of American Citizens, ye shall suffer—suffer the loss of ownership, the loss of power to do your dirty, filthy will upon those who labor.

As we have awakened to Class Consciousness, so will we progress to the full knowledge that no man is good enough to be another man's master. That the private ownership of things used in common must go, and social ownership

take its place. And so we leave you, merry gentlemen, to your thoughts. Here's hoping your shadows will grow less. WE must hasten on, March on. The Stormy Petrel of the labor movement—MOTHER JONES—is already talking to the first arrivals. She must speak twice—there are so many of us. The Awakened Mother tackling the 20th century problem—The Abolishment of Poverty.

Already protests are going up against our use of that day from the infamous editor of the Seattle Times. It is our day. We have taken it. Shall we keep it? We have marched a unit, shown our Solidarity, demonstrated our loyalty to our dead. Will it end there? What of the Living? They will soon be dead. How will they die? As at LUDLOW, quickly? Or slowly in mine and mill, in shop and factory—in HELL?

Come, Labor, you must answer. Close up the Ranks. In Unity is strength. Each for All and All for Each. Stop mouthing phrases. Put these words into Action. All things are possible to A UNITED WORKING CLASS.

## SHINE, SIR!



SHOE SHINING MACHINE.

By W. H. Emery

**N**O longer will you be saluted by the Greek boy in front of the shoe shining stand with the words "Shine, sir." No longer will the same Greek watch your shoes as you pass

in front of his Shine Parlor. He is doomed, not by any disease, not by bacteria with unpronounceable names, not by any judge passing the death sentence upon him, but the onward march of the

machine process has doomed him to extinction along with the other members of the working class, who have seen their means of livelihood taken from them by the machine.

Twenty years ago on the streets of most cities you were confronted on practically all the downtown corners by the small street urchin crying his services for sale, "Shine 'em up, make 'em look like new!" His place of business was the street, his tools of trade a few rags, a couple of boxes of shoe polish, a brush and a wooden box decorated with tobacco tags. The box, slung by a strap to his shoulder, was used to carry his tools and as a pedestal for the customers' feet, also as a weapon of offense and defense when a rival "shine" infringed on his territory or he found it necessary to acquire a new trade zone. Competition was keen in those days and the survivor in the struggle for a business career had to pass through "the struggle for existence." This struggle was not carried on by trade agreements or rebates, but by the muscles of the competitors reinforced by the shine box used as a weapon.

The next stage in the development of the shoe-shining industry was the establishment of shoe shining parlors in basements, barber shops, under awnings, alongside of buildings, and, in fact, in any space large enough to harbor a few elevated chairs on which the customers sat while having their shoes cleaned. These shoe shining parlors were manned by recently landed emigrants whose standard of living was low and, with the added conveniences of chairs, the street urchin as a competitor was eliminated.

We have been for several decades saturated with stories and articles of how the average American can rise from bootblack to merchant, from bootblack to congressman, etc., ad nauseam, but now the opportunity for the rise from bootblack, onward and upward, has gone. No American boy who has the slightest idea of mechanics, or who is able to tell the difference between day and night, will start on his congressional career by the bootblack route. A machine has confiscated the shine.

The Chicago Electric Shoe Shining Company is installing shoe-shining machines throughout Chicago.

Your shoes are dirty; you need a shine; step into a neat appearing cigar store on a main business street. Ranged along the walls are what look like old fashioned hall seats. These are the machines. In the upper part are glass windows through which are displayed movable advertisements. An advertisement comes into place in front of your eyes, remains a moment, slides to one side and disappears; another ad comes into view, and the process keeps on indefinitely.

There is a large slot cut in the bottom of the cabinet; on each side of the slot are plates of glass giving you a view of the machine at work.

Insert a nickel in the slot; place a foot on the pedestal, press the button; immediately two revolving brushes shoot out from the rear of the machine, one cleaning the dirt from one side of the shoe and the other brush cleaning from the other side of the shoe; at the same time another revolving brush shoots out and cleans across the top of the foot; the brushes are drawn back into the rear of the machine, blacking is squirted on the shoe from tubes at the sides of the foot; again the brushes shoot out and proceed to rub the blacking over the shoe. Once more the brushes disappear, to return again and polish the shoe; when the machinery stops, place the other foot on the pedestal; press the button and the same process is repeated. Examine your shoes; you have a "shine" as good, if not better, than you could procure by the old hand process. It has taken less than two minutes. It costs one-sixteenth of a cent. The customer didn't have to tip the machine. The machine does not eat or sleep. It can work 24 hours a day.

The man who oversees the machines tends the cigar store. The corporation has three sources of revenue—the machine, the advertising in the machine, and the cigar store. The machine is the death of the small business man no matter how low in the social scale his business is. Thus is answered the question, "Who will do the dirty work under Socialism?" The machine!



HITTING THE TIES.

## “THE FLOATER”

By Charles Ashleigh

“FOR East is East and West is West,  
and never the twain shall meet.”  
So sang a poet, referring to the  
great and almost unbridgeable gulf  
which divides the western peoples from  
those of the Orient. Judging from the mass  
of confusion and misconception apparent in  
the references made by a number of our  
eastern would-be sympathizers of a certain  
type, the migratory worker of the Pacific  
states is as little understood by the easterner  
as is the inscrutable Oriental by the son of  
the Occident. This was very vividly sug-  
gested to me recently by a friend of mine—  
a western hobo agitator, strong of body and  
clear of mind, who has contributed much  
to the development of class consciousness  
among the floaters of the coast. “That  
crowd back East thinks we western stiffs  
are all bums because we beat the trains,”  
said he. “They haven’t the savvy to dis-  
tinguish the difference between the Bowery  
bum and the casual laborer of the West.  
Hence all this stuff about the ‘bummery,’  
etc.” This gave me furiously to think; and  
with much force was brought home to me  
the wide difference existing between the  
living and working conditions of the prole-  
tariat of the East and that of the West,  
and particularly of the Pacific coast.

In the East the first and most obvious fea-  
ture which strikes the western observer is  
the permanence of industry. It is true that  
there are periodical crises which necessi-  
tate the laying off of hands, but the indus-  
tries are territorially STATIONARY. There  
are huge and complex aggregations of  
machinery, necessitating numerous mi-  
nutely distinct functions for the processes  
of production, which are performed by  
whole populations of industrial wage earn-  
ers who reside for their whole lifetime, or  
at any rate for periods extending into years,  
in the same district. In the steel industry,  
in the textile industry, and others of like  
magnitude, it is nothing out of the ordinary  
for several generations of workers to have  
lived always in the same spot and to have  
worked always at the same process—all  
allowing for changes implied by the improve-  
ment of machinery—and to have sold their  
labor-power to the same boss.

In the eastern industries women and chil-  
dren are employed. It is common for a  
whole family to be working in the same  
mill, plant or factory. This makes for fam-  
ily life; a debased and deteriorated family  
life, it is true, lacking in all the pleasant  
and restful features usually associated with  
that term, but, nevertheless, marriage, the



A JUNGLE FEAST.

procreation of children and some amount of stability are assured by the conditions of industry. On the other hand, the nerve-and-body-racking, monotonous nature of the work, the close and unhealthy atmosphere, and, sometimes, chemical poisoning or other vocational diseases, and the speeding-up system, all make for loss of nervous and physical vitality and the creation of bodily weaklings.

As we journey westward we mark a change. We leave the zone of great Industry and enter country in which capitalism is still, to some extent, in the preparatory stage. We come to the source of one of the great natural resources—lumber—and to that portion of the country where the railroads are still busily extending their complex network and where agriculture on a large scale is a leading factor in economic life.

All of these three principal occupations of the unskilled worker of the Pacific coast—lumber, construction work and agriculture—are periodical in their nature. A mighty wave of fertility sweeps up through the various states into British Columbia, drawing in its wake the legions of harvest workers. In California and Oregon, the ripening of fruits brings an army of labor to the scene. The construction of railroads, aqueducts and other signs of an onward-marching capitalism, employs temporarily thousands of laborers, teamsters and the like. The same is true of the lumber industry, which is also conditioned by natural processes.

The result of this is the existence on the coast of an immense army of unskilled or semi-skilled workers, of no fixed abode, who are forever engaged in an eternal chase for the elusive job; whose work takes them away from the towns to the hills or plains or forests, for varying periods. Forever over the great western country are they traveling, seeking this or that center of temporary activity, that they may dispose of their labor-power.

The Pacific coast is the country of the bindle or blanket-stiff. On the construction jobs the workers sleep in tents. In the lumber camps they are housed in bunkhouses, rude frame structures with tiers of bunks, something similar to the forecastle of a wind-jammer on a large scale. In these bunkhouses the men wash and dry their clothes, smoke and play cards, and generally divert themselves within the small limits of their time and location. The atmosphere is anything but fresh, and vermin are usually abundant, the wooden material of the bunks rendering it easy for the nimble and voracious creatures to secrete themselves. In many camps the men are engaged in a perpetual warfare against lice. The sleeping quarters for agricultural workers consist of barns, sheds or probably the open field. Bedding is rarely provided in lumber camps and never in construction camps and on harvest work. Therefore, the worker is compelled to follow literally the advice of the founder of Christianity and "take up his bed and walk." The inevitable burden of the migratory worker is a roll of blan-

kets, slung by a cord around his shoulders. Many hotels in the coast towns, knowing the vermin-infested state of the camps, refuse to allow blankets to be brought into the premises, and they are therefore stacked up in the cheap saloons during the stay in town of their owner.

Employment agencies play an important and predatory role in the life of the floater. A large agency will take complete control of the recruiting of labor for some big job, shipping numbers of men out each day to the scene of action from their branches in various towns. Fees ranging from one to three dollars are charged the applicant for unskilled positions. It is a well-known fact, although, by reason of the underground support of the powers that be, hard to prove in specific cases, that there is often collusion between the agencies and the petty bosses by which a constant stream of men are kept coming and going, to the mutual enrichment of the agent—or "shark," as we prefer to term him—and the "straw boss." Nothing is easier for a foreman than to discharge quantities of men on trumped-up charges after a brief period of work and thus provide more fees for his agent friends in town.

A prominent feature of every coast town of any size is the "slave market," or "stiff town," composed of a varying number of streets or blocks, according to the size of the town and its strategic position as a recruiting center for labor. As you walk down the street, you notice that the loungers are all "stiffs." Sun-tanned, brawny men, most of them in early manhood or in the prime of life, dressed in blue overalls or khaki pants and blue cotton shirts, in the lumber country in mackinaws and high, spiked-soled boots, are standing in knots around the doors of the employment sharks, watching the requirements chalked up on the blackboards displayed outside. In some of the larger agencies the office will seat a couple of hundred men, who wait patiently for the employe who appears at intervals and shouts out the news of some particular job for which men are needed. Then comes a rush! The slave market is in full swing! Numbers of disconsolate ones may also be observed who have not the price of a job and who are waiting in the hope of obtaining that much-desired thing—a free shipment. There may be a dozen such offices in two or three blocks. This is also

the quarter of cheap restaurants, where a meal—of adulterated, worthless food—may be bought for ten or fifteen cents. Fifteen or twenty-cent lodging houses are also plentiful, most of them crawling with vermin, and there is an abundance of barrel houses, where the slave gets an opportunity of drowning his miseries in oblivion by "blowing in" his "stake" on rot-gut whiskey or chemical beer. Above all this wave the flaunting banners of the military, marine and naval recruiting offices, offering a desperate refuge for the jobless, homeless, starving worker; vultures hovering over the swamp of poverty, ready to sweep down upon some despairing victim, probably some confiding lad lured to this country by booster-fed visions of the "Golden West." The ostensible recruiting officers are the gaily uniformed, upright-standing men standing invitingly outside their offices; the real recruiting officers are the vampires of hunger and unemployment.

The wholesale firing of men by foremen, the arduous nature of the work, and the temporary nature of the employment, keep the worker constantly in motion. He does not usually have enough to pay his fare, if he is to exist at all in the town whilst waiting for the next job. Therefore, the only alternative is to beat the trains. This is also the only method of following the harvests over the wide stretches of country, where to pay a fare would be impossible usually and ruinous always. Hoboing is, therefore, the universal method of traveling among the migratory workers of the Pacific coast.

The railroad tracks are alive, at certain periods of the year, with men tramping the ties, under the burning sun, with heavy bundles of blankets upon their backs. The worker cannot usually travel as fast as the professional "tramp," who beats the fast passengers. His unwieldy pack makes it difficult for him to negotiate anything but a freight, although some of them achieve wonders of agility in the "making" of a "blind" or even the "rods," when hampered by their bedding. On the outskirts of practically every town may be seen the "jungles," or camp, where the meal, purchased—or, if needs be, begged—in the town, is cooked. A supply of cooking utensils is nearly always to be found in the "jungles." Primitive utensils, it is true, formed with much ingenuity out of preserve, oil or lard

cans. Besides the large stew can, there is always the "boiling up" can, in which shirts and underclothes are sterilized—an inevitable feature of the incessant campaign against the plague of body lice.

The meal over, if it be winter, a huge fire is built up and, with the approach of dusk, blankets are spread, and these soldiers of western industry, out of whose sinews and brain the enormous wealth of the West is distilled, settle down for a night of fitful slumber, broken by the cold, the necessity of attending to the fire, and the arrival of newcomers. In the morning the long walk down the track is resumed or a train is boarded with caution and concealment. There are constant wrangles with the brakemen, who frequently demand a money contribution in return for the permission to ride, with the alternative of jumping off (oh, Solidarity, thy name is null among the railroaders of the West!), and the unceasing, gnawing fear of arrest for vagrancy or of a beating up by the railroad police in the yards of the town of destination. It would be hard to estimate the number of workers who in one year are sentenced to varying terms of imprisonment, usually accompanied by hard labor, for the crime of trespassing on the property of the railroad companies. Yet no other method of traveling is possible for them. The risk of imprisonment, or of rough physical handling by the yard police is an integral part of their lives. Can we wonder that among them is fast growing a spirit of passionate rebellion? To make strong men, who work out in the open air and who preserve a certain spirit of rude independence, slink for fear of the armed bullies of the city or railroad police, and to be stigmatized as bums and ne'er-do-wells by canting, ignorant magistrates, is a certain method of fostering and stimulating that revolt which is already smoldering in the consciousness of the workers of the Pacific states.

And, for all this labor and suffering, what reward? The average wage of the worker in the lumber camps is \$2.75 or \$3 per day of ten hours. From this, five dollars weekly is deducted for board, often of the rottenest kind. A hospital fee of one dollar per month is also compulsorily charged by the company for medical attention of a very indifferent nature and for a hospital which, in many cases, is non-existent. The truck system flourishes in camps of all kinds, the distance from the nearest town obliging the

worker to purchase from the camp store, where he is charged exorbitant rates for his goods.

It must be remembered also that this work is by no means permanent, and that the savings of one job must be applied to tide the worker over until the next. Construction workers receive an average of \$2.25 per day, from which 75 cents is daily deducted for board, or \$5.25 per week. Here the hospital graft also prevails. If a worker remain only two days in a camp, the dollar is extorted. The work is from sun-up to sun-down. Somewhat larger wages are paid for agricultural work during the harvest rush, but the work is at breakneck speed and for extremely long hours, and lasts only for a short term.

The effects of the life lived by the slaves of the domain ruled by the Southern Pacific railroad and the lumber trust are, in many ways, disastrous. The striking feature of the Pacific country is that it is a man's country. Conditions render it impossible for the worker to marry. Long terms in isolated camps produce the same phenomena of sex perversion as exist in the army, navy and the monastery. The worker is doomed to celibacy with all its physical and moral damaging results. The brothel in the town, between jobs, is the only resort.

Yet the arduous physical toil in the open air does not have the same deteriorating effect as does the mechanical, confined work of the eastern slave. The constant matching of wits and the daring needed for the long trips across country have developed a species of rough self-reliance in the wandering proletarian of the West. In health and in physical courage he is undoubtedly the superior of his eastern brother. The phenomenal spread of the propaganda of the I. W. W. among the migratory workers indicates that this great mass, so long inarticulate, are at last beginning to realize their economic oppression and to voice their needs. The size of the local membership is an uncertain gauge in that territory of ever-moving fluid labor. Certain is it that around nearly every "jungle" fire and during the evening hours on many a job in the great westland, the I. W. W. red songbook is in evidence, and the rude rebel chants are lustily sung and discontent expressed more and more definitely and impatiently.

The free speech fights of San Diego, Fresno, Aberdeen and Spokane, the occa-

sional strike outbursts in the lumber country, the great railroad construction strike in British Columbia and the recent tragedy of Wheatland are all indications that the "blanket stiff" is awakening. It was indeed an unpleasant surprise to the masters of the bread in the booster-ridden West when the much-despised tramp worker actually began to assert himself. The proud aristocrats of labor had also long stood aloof from them, considering them worthless of organizing efforts. And, then, suddenly, lo and behold, the scorned floater evolved his own movement, far more revolutionary and scientific than his skilled brother had ever dreamed of! From the lumber camps, from the construction camps, from the harvest fields, water tanks, jails and hobo camp-

fires came the cry, ever more insistent, of the creator of western wealth. And, marvel of marvels, summit of sublime audacity, the cry of the flouted wanderer was not merely for better grub, shorter hours and simple improvements, but, including these things and going beyond them, he demanded, simply and uncompromisingly, the whole earth—the Product of his Toil!

More power to you, western brother! Go to it! And may you continue the good work and agitate and organize until you have builded up for yourself a mighty force that shall bring you your reward, the ownership of industries, and transform the vaunted, slave-driving mockery of the "Golden West" into a workers' land that shall really deserve the name.

## REVOLUTIONARY ESSAYS

By Lillian Hiller Udell

**H**AS Socialism a literature? This word "literature" is obviously not meant to be used here as a synonym for printed matter, as we speak of the literature of an anti-tuberculosis campaign or a vice crusade. One regrets the poverty of language which forces us to employ one and the same noun in describing the tragedy of an Aeschylus or an Ibsen and the report of a garbage inspector. Socialism has its men of science like Enrico Ferri, its philosophers like Dietzgen, its economists like Marx and Engels, its scholars like Kautsky and Ward, its men of action like Bebel, Haywood and Debs.

In the present inquiry we refer to the art by which noble thought finds adequate expression on the printed page, the medium through which aesthetic or heroic emotion becomes articulate for our own and succeeding generations.

For existence, even our present existence under the wage system, has its aesthetic and heroic phases. None of us should forget that, least of all the pioneers in a revolutionary movement. Granted that the philosophies of the eighteenth century did not take the Bastille or achieve the cataclysm of '93, none the less their work stands as the best inheritance of their time, none the less

their writings form the source of highest inspiration for their spiritual descendants of the twentieth century. What we of today are striving for is not merely physical well being, nor even physical well being plus a most intimate and accurate knowledge of our descent from the amoeba and our kinship with the chimpanzee. Does the Socialist movement as at present constituted afford us those elements of poetry and eloquence which nerve the spirit for the great act of rebellion which must precede the bringing in of a better order of things?

One recalls Oscar Wilde's "Soul of Man Under Socialism" and William Morris' "News from Nowhere." These two master artists have, however, given us pictures of society in its ultimate perfection. Their prophecy is derived less from science than from faith. Mr. Shaw has treated current problems with a lucidity and brilliancy unsurpassed by any contemporary writer. But his appeal is never to the deeper emotions of his readers.

These thoughts occurred to me as I laid down a little volume entitled "Revolutionary Essays in Socialist Faith and Fancy,"\* by Peter E. Burrowes.

\*Published by Charles H. Kerr & Company, Chicago, cloth, \$1.00, postpaid.

I cannot claim for this author a very high place among literateurs, yet in his best moments he is reminiscent of Carlyle, of Whitman and curiously enough of Friedrich Nietzsche.

At his worst he is mystical even to the point of becoming unintelligible. There is much in these essays that could have been omitted. Yet the reader who can enter into the mood in which the work is conceived will find himself abundantly repaid for the effort. There is throughout all these reflections a fine enthusiasm which acts upon one as a tonic. There are moments of passionate eloquence, almost of poetry. There is little that is dull. One feels that the man who penned them had the temperament of a poet. He is religious, but his religion is of this world. He writes:

"Oh, he is a very present, very near and dear God—the God whose new name I whisper to thee, Socialism. And as you think of the glistening morning thoughts, wherewith so often he has coronated your brow, that crown of yours, which is in the thought world as a rich rose giving out of its folds delightful particles of fragrantly blessed fancies you know nevermore aught of the terrible nearness of God. He is no longer that awful live eye which the priests pulled out of a socket and set staring at you from the altar, staring in among your poor little heart thoughts, to shrivel you up with a horrible fear of God and make you slaves. The God of humanity is so sweetly near, and you so sweetly fearless of his nearness are, that you would if you could, let him into your bosom's heart to stay among the red pulses."

Yet this dreamer is far indeed from holding the point of view of the Christian Socialist. He is never more vehement and perhaps never clearer in his utterance than in his attack upon organized religion:

"There is no vision that ever came to man so unconquerably true as the Socialist perception that the church in every nation is but the voice of the economic ascendant. In America, many are puzzled to see mercantile Protestantism and mercantile infidelity flirting so incontinently with Rome. The daily press, which is indubitably run and written by trade and for trade only, cannot nevertheless conceal, and cannot hold back the daily interest of its proprietors in the prosperity and doings of that venerable hypnotist, the approved handmaiden and willing paramour of all despotism, the Roman Catholic Church. And let it be known that she deserves their confidence and affection, for she has never yet officially betrayed any property class, and indeed cannot, for every cell and tissue of her canons, doctrines, and practices was formed in the bowels of riches for its own defense and comfort against the sin-

ners who must work and who do not work enough."

And later:

"I do not single out Rome by name in order to separate her dishonorably from the other churches of the world. Her own claim that in Western lands she is the mother church is sound; she is older and wiser in the police business than her Protestant progeny, who though a bit naughty in the past, are filially imitative. It was but a minor property quarrel that separated them, the major property interest of uniting against Socialism will soon bring them all together again. Hence the billing and cooing between their eminences in the press and the priesthood."

The so-called progressive movement in modern capitalist politics will find here little encouragement:

"The reform tinker, who has no higher aim in politics than to mend the passing pots, we do not endorse. He shall pass through life mending pots, and shall leave the world with yet more pots to mend than he found there when he came."

We are to have no illusion concerning the depth of our slavery to those who own the tools of production:

"This parasite class, according to the observed law prevailing in all ages, having obtained control of the economic needs and forces of their time, 'clothe themselves with authority, and gird themselves with the powers of the state. They therefore can supplement the privation by exclusion from the means of living. They can also add positive suffering to the negative misery; they can beat you by all the rods of law into their laboratories; they can entangle your feet in every step you make for freedom; they can not only use the guns of the state against you but they can force you to use them against yourself; they can, by possessing all the archives, know how much it is costing you to live, and can, as private employers, cut your wages down to that. From the signal boxes of the state they know your incoming and outgoing. They can control your mind; they can go behind you and before, and float over you, and build military tunnels under your feet with your own hands. You cannot be emancipated while that class is in control and they can afford to let you play at all kinds of radical discontent as long as you leave them where they are."

And oh, the contempt he pours upon the middle class:

"The middle class man is the negative, empty space between two facts, he is nothing—not even a hypocrite. He has no role to play anywhere in any great world. No great social movement is for him who is but a soaker, maintaining himself by keeping on the moister side of everything."

That which is of value in these essays is a certain power born of earnest conviction which meets Tolstoi's test of art, viz., that the emotion of the writer is communicated to those who read. They are not literature, it is true, but they deserve to be read.



Lineman Partner with His Dogs Crossing Creek in Lake Section. The Ice Is Just Breaking Up.

## THE TRAIL OF THE

(From the Commercial Telegraphers' Journal)

FROM Ashcroft on the old Caribou road to British Columbia, winding northward for 2,500 miles, runs the Yukon telegraph, the most remarkable and romantic telegraph line in all America. Its origin was like no other; its operation never had and perhaps never will have an analogy; its service to mankind has certainly never been surpassed.

The visitor trailing his goods into the lone north land seeking a gold claim in the bed of a rivulet, or staking his future on a free farm and a muscular back, may jeer at the low, straggling poles with the wire sagging down like the domestic clothesline back home. But when he tastes for a month or two the supreme isolation of that infinite silent wilderness, that pitiful strand of wire will size up as a strand of gold.

The Yukon telegraph was born in the feverish days of 1896, when it seemed that half America was turned northward to wrestle with the little god of Chance. In those days it had two kinds of stories to deliver, one of the "lucky strike" transforming a penniless tramp into a million-

aire, the other of some mute tragedy of the wayside, wherein a discouraged adventurer wrapped himself and his hopes in the snows by the trailside and left the remainder to Providence.

Today when the reckless glories of that "wickedest camp on earth" have given way to a standard of respectability, the little Yukon telegraph tirelessly fulfills its duties. Now, however, it flashes a new code of success, the code of the pioneer farmer whose cottages are fast trailing up the northern valleys, searching out the last choice spots in Canada where the speculator has not stuck his sign. Up in that land the railway is short, but the telegraph is long—and in the settlement of the earth one seems to balance the absence of the other. For the thousands of white men in the scattered communities from Prince Rupert to the Arctic Circle the Government wire forms the link and the only link with the great news events of the outside world. The route of the line is almost parallel to that weird and abandoned survey of the Western Union half a century ago, when that company after the breaking of the Atlantic cable in 1859 decided to lay a



Fourth Cabin: Maxwell Is the Operator.

## LONESOME WIRE

land line through Alaska and Siberia to Europe. Over three million dollars had been spent on the line when the company recalled the plans, having in the meantime picked up its Atlantic cable again. Some of its engineers and linemen were then so far inland that it was nine months from the time the order was sent until it could be delivered to them. For many miles portions of the Western Union wire are now being worked as an auxiliary by the Dominion government.

Every year the federal government extends the branch lines, keeping ever ahead of the steady stream of settlers. The main line connects at Ashcroft with the Canadian Pacific Railway system. At its northern extremity it joins the United States signal service on the Alaskan boundary. Its longest branch is 200 miles, from Hazelton, an old Hudson Bay trading post, to Prince Rupert.

At intervals of from seventeen to fifty miles the operators live out their lonely and dangerous lives in their roughly built cabins. That each operator should be an expert lineman is an absolute necessity, since most of these sections are

placed in an operator's care and in the depth of winter he is called upon not infrequently to tramp on snowshoes across treacherous areas to repair his wires.

Two of the worst foes of the mountain operator are the forest fire and the avalanche. Again and again their depredations sweep away poles and wires, demanding heroic service of the linemen to restore normal conditions.

In some districts winter departs for only two months in the twelve, so that day and night, month by month, the deadening loneliness of perpetual snow threatens to drive a man into melancholia. It is a heavy test of human endurance, not so much in the times of activity as when the monotony of existence turns a week into an eternity.

Once a year the supplies of food are "packed" in, and then the operator and his visitors exhaust the possibilities of conversation.

The following stories are typical of the early Yukon days. To many of the old-timers who have since left the "Great North Country" these stories will recall, no doubt, the memories of many months



Third Cabin: Frank Lee and Tommy Brewer Have Been After Grub.

passed "mushing over a blazed trail" in the interest of the government and humanity, while they will portray to the craftsmen of younger years the perils and hazardous positions from which so many complexities have arisen. To the rising generations of telegraphers—that is, a majority—it may be interesting to state that to this day conditions are practically unchanged.

One winter's afternoon the telegrapher at —Cabin, a young Englishman, usually called James, was plodding slowly along the snow covered trail in the direction of home. The day had been typical of winter; heavy snow, which as the day wore on, gave way to the sharp air of evening. Trees and branches were everywhere covered with the fleecy downfall. Operator James carried a small knapsack containing his tools, a change of clothing and a little food and in his hand a 30-30 rifle. Across his path lay a small branch weighed down with snow and in a moment of thoughtlessness he grasped his weapon by the barrel and swung the butt lightly at the obstruction. As the weapon struck it, the branch, freed from its weight of snow, sprang back, but simultaneously came a report and a shock to the unfortunate youth, who realized that he was shot—terribly, perhaps fatally wounded. With a sinking heart and a growing sensation of horror and despair, he knew that the bullet fired by his own carelessness had passed through his body

and that he was alone—far from help and doomed mayhap to perish miserably.

In another moment the reaction came. James pulled himself together, determined to not give way so long as strength and vitality remained. Fortunately, the wound, though desperate, had not deprived him of consciousness, so with rare presence of mind he hastily unstrapped his pack and taking from it the small "testing relay," which is carried by the men when on the trail, he made his way to a "test pole" not far away and connected the instrument. He managed to get Hazelton and in a few words made his desperate plight known. Then, finding his strength failing, he left the trail and made his way with difficulty to an abandoned Indian hut some quarter of a mile distant. In the meantime the manager at Hazelton had hurriedly informed the operator at the adjoining Cabin of the occurrence. It was drawing on to dusk, but his comrade lost not a moment in hurrying to his co-worker's rescue. Snowshoes were buckled on, a few necessities collected and within ten minutes of receiving the message the operator was hurrying south through the cold and dark of a winter's night and hoping and praying that he might reach his destination in time. It was nearly morning when he reached the lonely cabin and found the wounded man stretched on the floor but with life still remaining.

The wounded man had not lost con-

sciousness, but he was too weak and helpless to make a fire, so he had lain alone through the long hours and bitter cold of the night, hoping and waiting for the help he knew would surely come.

To make the sufferer as comfortable as was possible and then to summon more help was the first thing to be done by his rescuer.

In the meantime, a doctor had been despatched from Hazelton without delay. Upon his arrival he found that the bullet had entered just below the heart and passed through the body, making its exit lower down at the back.

The patient, having all the advantages of youth and a good constitution, was soon moved on a toboggan and conveyed down the frozen Skeena to the hospital at Hazelton, where he soon recovered.

The incident showed both rare pluck and self-possession on the part of the wounded man, and to this he undoubtedly owes his life, for to have given way under the circumstances, which were sufficiently terrible to overwhelm the average man so situated, would have meant a speedy end, if not by the bullet, then by the none the less sure cold, and another name added to the mournful record of those who have "Died on the Trail."

Some three or four winters ago Martin, who was operator at "J" Cabin, left to pay a visit to his neighbors at the next Cabin, twenty miles north, incidentally inspecting his own portion of the line. He reached his destination and spent a day with the men there, leaving on the following day on his return journey. The weather was extremely cold, while a fresh snow had fallen, thus making progress slow. When evening came and Martin had not appeared, his comrade at "J," who had been apprised of his departure, felt somewhat uneasy. He again called up the men at Northern Cabin, thinking that he might have changed his mind. However, the neighbors had heard nothing of him since morning.

To start out in search of the missing man at night would have been futile. So his companion waited until morning and then set out northwards to gain tidings of the missing man—a bare three miles, and the tragedy revealed itself in the corpse of the unfortunate operator lying frozen on the trail. Exhausted by the



Picture Taken at Eighth Cabin, North of Hazelton:  
John Barker, Operator Sixth, and Lew Mason,  
Lineman Ninth Cabin.

heavy traveling, he had struggled on until overtaken by night, and overcome with fatigue he had fallen forward never to rise again.

Alone and unaided his comrade "packed" the frozen body back to the cabin and then telegraphed briefly the facts of the occurrence. The body was taken down by toboggan to Hazelton and there interred.

On one occasion I was speaking to Jones, who is stationed some two hundred miles north of Hazelton. He said, "One day in September the pack train arrived with the annual supplies. That we were glad to see them, you may be sure, since the sight of a strange face was a treat to us. The pack train only remained long enough to unload and then turned back for their camping ground of the previous night. Until that train again paid us a visit—twelve months later—we saw but two persons at our cabin and in each case it was an Indian!"



Drawn by Arthur Young

### At the Edge of the Crater

—From *The Masses*

## COLORADO

**W**HILE he was in Chicago a few days ago, Upton Sinclair said some vital things about Colorado, among which we quote the following:

I have just returned from a two-weeks' visit to one of the battlefields of the Colorado Class war. I have come home with my nostrils full of powder smoke and the scent of burning flesh; my ears full of the screams of murdered women and children. What I have seen has made me admit for the first time in my life the possibility that the social revolution in America may be one of physical force.

The night before I left Denver I dined at the home of the widow of a former chief justice of the state. And this lady said to me: "If we women had not stormed the capitol and forced the governor to appeal for federal troops, there would have been an end to state authority in Colorado."

A leading lawyer said to me: "It was touch and go—like that!" (He snapped his fingers.) "We almost had a revolution." And Judge Ben Lindsey came east and said to the President: "Our state is sitting upon a volcano."

Somebody "stringing" me, you say! Well, let me tell another story. I talked with Senator Van Tilborg, machine leader of the Democrats, at the state capitol.

"Mr. Sinclair," said he, with a quiet smile, "our troubles here in Colorado can be settled quickly; all we need is about three hundred men who can shoot straight and quick, and I think we can get them."

I told of this speech at a dinner party at a fashionable hotel, and a young man spoke—an explorer, who had been several times around the world and had financed expeditions to Siberia and Central Africa; he had just been to Ludlow and heard the stories of the miners, and now he said:

"Tell that (unprintable language) that three hundred is just the number of crack shots that I decided I could bring there when next the fighting began!"

And let me add that this young man went off to Chicago and is now pledging his hunting companions, ranchmen and Canadian guides to be ready for Senator Van Tilborg's signal.

All this, you will observe, is without counting the miners. On the day that

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the federal troops were called they had dynamite under all the railroad tracks into Trinidad, and were about to blow them up. They had fought pitched battles with the state troops, and in several places had these troops at their mercy. They had 2,000,000 rounds of ammunition stored in a piano warehouse in a neighboring state; they had 1,500 men in another state, armed and pledged to march over the mountains.

Many such things they had done, and, incredible as it may seem, they have so much backing of the public sentiment of Colorado that none of their leaders will even be punished for anything!

What do you call this but class war?

There has been civil war in Colorado. Thousands of miners, armed and entrenched, have stood off the state militia, defeating them in pitched battles.

I am considering the situation to try to throw some light upon the meaning of it, and more especially upon the question: "What is to be the outcome of it?"

Here is the question I want to put to you: Suppose this revolt had not been of Colorado alone, but had included the miners of a dozen states or of the entire nation. What then?

"Impossible!" you say. But why? Have not the things that caused this revolt been done in other states of our union?

In Colorado they had an armored car with a machine gun that traveled up the canons and rained death upon the tent colonies of the strikers. They call it the "Death Special," and in West Virginia the name was the "Bull Moose Special," but the difference in the name was the only difference.

In West Virginia they had all the phenomena of government by gunmen; wholesale arrests without warrant or charge, imprisonment incomunicado, beating up of strikers, abusing of women and children, midnight raiding of homes and deporting of "undesirables"; they had the same in Michigan more recently, in Idaho and Nevada some years back. Does it seem to you impossible that these miners could learn to combine?

I can assure you it does not seem impossible to them!

The very same gunmen were taken from West Virginia to Michigan and from Michigan to Colorado.

Come and let us try to face the facts. What are the conditions that drove thousands of peaceable, hard-working laborers to leave their wives and children and take to the mountains, to live and fight like wild beasts? What are the evils that have brought women to lay themselves liable to a charge of treason against the state by hiding machine guns in the cellars of their homes?

To go not too far back, there was a strike of the Colorado coal miners in 1902. Men were beaten up, deported, jailed, shut up in "bulldens"—the whole sickening story. The strike was crushed and the coal operators had their undisputed way. Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., declared that he would not compromise the present strike, because it was a fight for a principle.

Well, in 1902, the "principle" was maintained, and what followed? Decent American, Welsh and Cornish miners being unwilling to work as slaves, the coal operators opened up an advertising campaign in Greece, Roumania, southern Italy and Russia; they imported by wholesale the peoples of twenty-four different nations, and for twelve years had their way with them—with the result of turning the twenty-four nations into one, animated by a fury of hatred which is simply inconceivable to any one who had not been on the ground.

They owned the land on which the miners had to live, the homes they had to rent, the stores at which they traded, the churches at which they worshipped.

They built stockades about the villages and made the entrances private roads.

They ran the political machines, voting the people in herds, and making mayors out of mine bosses, coroners, magistrates and sheriffs out of company store clerks and gunmen.

They blacklisted men who belonged to unions, or who refused to mine 2,500 or 3,000 pounds to the ton.

They ran up the death list from accidents to two or three times as many as in neighboring states; twelve times as many as in a civilized nation such as Austria. Controlling the coroners and juries, they paid no damages for accidents. They made it the jest of their employes that they would rather kill a man than lame a mule.

Suffice to say that the men began to organize for protection, and so bitter was the opposition of the companies that there existed in Southern Colorado all the machinery of secret, underground unionization as among the revolutionary workingmen of Russia.

When the economic factions of a war, whether a civil war or a class war are present, then sooner or later fighting will begin.

There were "mine guards" and company detectives to "keep order." When things got worse, the state militia was brought in and new companies were recruited, consisting (by official commission of Adj. Gen. Chase) of from 77 to 90 per cent of employes of the coal companies—30 to 40 per cent of "mine guards!" The same ruffians who horrified the country in West Virginia and Michigan now armed with the weapons and clad in the uniform of the state!

How did they behave? The country ought to know the story by now; how they jailed men and women by scores and held them incommunicado. How they rode down a procession of women and children, sabreing and maiming young girls. How they deliberately tortured men and murdered prisoners in cold blood!

Then came Ludlow—the destruction of a tent colony full of women and children by machine gun and torch. The country has never heard of a tenth of the horror of this event.

It has never heard of the car load of quick lime that was brought in to help in keeping down the death list. It has never heard of the score or two who were missing and have been missing ever since.

But it heard enough, and so did the miners.

The authority of the debauched government of the state was overthrown, and, believe me, once for all. Those who talk of restoring it have no idea of the number of people in Colorado and elsewhere who are pledged to die, if need be, to prevent its being restored.

We read that there has been civil war in Colorado. We read that the state troops have turned machine guns on women and children and that the state legislature has appropriated \$1,000,000 to

pay the costs of such proceedings and to provide for more of it in the future.

What does all this mean?

Is not Colorado an American state, like all the rest of the states?

Why have the American people tolerated such things?

My explanation is a basely materialistic one. I say that the state is young and possesses enormous natural resources, and that from the beginning these resources have been thrown open to a free-for-all scramble on the good old American principle of "do others before they do you."

There are seventeen coal companies in the strike field, and a single one paid nearly \$2,000,000 in profits last year.

The government of the state, with all its powers, has been made the football of warring interests such as these. It has been corrupted and kept corrupt—shamelessly, naively corrupt.

I sat at lunch with two lawyers who chatted of things they knew, and presently one remarked that the gas and electric company had purchased its properties for \$3,000,000—and capitalized them at \$50,000,000—and sold the stock. Then he proceeded to name who had got a share (so many of the eminent leaders of the city), and how there had been a quarrel with the tramway companies, and how a certain editor had told too much and been shot—the fifth time he had had lead taken out of him—which spoke poorly for Colorado marksmanship.

Then something brought up the sugar companies; how it had been testified at Washington that they had hired an eminent authority to write a pamphlet proving that sugar beets enriched the soil, so that the farmers of the state would go on raising sugar beets to be sold at less than cost!

And then I went from the lunch table to talk with a miner's wife whose husband had lost his job because she bought milk from one of these farmers instead of from a company store.

Enough! Everything in the state has been stolen. And now what is to be done about it? The first thing I have to say is that the state will not be saved by any of the agencies of redemption to which the people generally look—not the churches or the clergy or the big university.

If you had gone to meetings of the "Law and Order League" you might have heard two clergymen one afternoon defending the state and calling for the blowing up of miners' homes with dynamite; and Denver was preparing to beg \$250,000 from those who had done it—and it was not the miners who had it.

So far the strikers have respected the uniform and the flag of the United States, and this in spite of the fact that they have been treated far from fairly. I talked with a lawyer who had handled the affairs of the United Mine Workers in the strike district, and he told me of the difficulty that he had had in getting permission for the strikers to rebuild the tent colony at Ludlow. He had to telegraph several times to Washington.

A little while later the Trinidad Free Press, the miners' paper, published the statement that the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company's gunmen were hiding their arms. In reply to that the federal officer in command served notice on the editor of the paper that he must print a retraction. I have myself seen the document which the officer wrote out in his own handwriting—an abject and humiliating apology. Unless this was published the paper would be suppressed.

The lawyer advised the editor to defy this order, and he personally defied the officer to carry out his threat, with the result that the officer backed down.

These things do not produce a favorable impression with the strikers.

The importation of strikebreakers wholesale has been forbidden; but men who want to work are allowed to come in of their own free will. Any one can see how easy this will be for the strikebreaking agencies. The strikers are not allowed to picket at the depot—for which rule there is no warrant in law or justice.

So it would seem the companies have only to wait and starve out the strikers. One thing stands in the way, however. There are elections coming next November. The corporations and their henchmen have relied upon these four coal counties to carry the state. They have been accustomed to hold up the returns on election night until they see the number of votes they need.

Should there be an honest election, the corporations might lose their grip forever.

This is even more important than winning the strike. So you may set this one thing down for certain—that the federal troops will be out of Colorado before next election day.

How will they manage it? All the miners and the leaders with whom I talked agreed that the corporations had one thing to do, and will be certain to do it. That is to start trouble between the federal troops and the miners.

The day I left Denver the press dispatches reported that somebody had thrown a brick out of a window at the soldiers. Then night came on, and somebody fired some shots at the soldiers from the hills. Of course, the press dispatches said this was the work of the miners. I cannot say, for I was not there. I can only point out that the miners have everything to lose and nothing to gain by such proceedings; that the only gainers will be the coal operators, their gunmen and their private detectives.

They have innumerable spies among the miners. What more simple than to have them throw some bricks and start some fighting? What more simple than to get a party of the miners drunk—or, for that matter, to get some soldiers drunk, and to tell them stories and reveal plots to them?

Some may say the company managers would be incapable of such a thing. Let me point out to you that some of the richest capitalists in New England were not above having dynamite "planted" in order to discredit the Lawrence strikers.

I want to do what I can to warn you, to prepare you for any devilment that may be attempted. I want the people to know what kind of men are in control in Colorado, and what weapons they are using in their fight.

I say that I do not think the workingmen of this country have ever faced a more serious crisis than this one. The corporations have pursued a policy of lawlessness and brutality; if they are permitted to get away with it undisturbed, it will be an encouragement to every other lawless corporation in the land. If, on the other hand, they can be beaten back from their prey, it will be a warning to exploiters of labor that they have gone too far.



## THE GORILLA'S DIVINE UNREST

How the Ape's Discontent With Economic Conditions Caused the Origin of Man

[From *Current Opinion*.]

A REVOLT against its lot in life transformed the ape into a man. Not until discontent established itself in the consciousness of the simian progenitors of the human race could our species begin its ascent of that slope which led from the forest-tree-tops of a tropical wilderness to the exercise of the developed brain. Had no ape ever revolted against economic conditions there would be no race of men upon the planet. Those apes which were satisfied with things as they were remained in the tree-tops to maintain their species. Such is the conclusion to which that renowned anthropologist, Professor G. Elliot Smith, of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, is led by careful study of the determining factor in the origin of man. He dismisses the case for the erect attitude as the cause in question by citing instances of apes which walk erect, or even lower organisms which can assume the same atti-

tude. If the erect attitude is to explain all, asks Professor Elliot Smith, why did not the gibbon become a man in Miocene times? He can not take seriously the argument for the liberation of the hands and the cultivation of their skill as the foundation of man's supremacy in animate creation. The power of speech is less a cause than a consequence and in any event it was not the prime factor. It was discontent that gave the ape a brain in any true sense and thus made him a man.

The whole of his argument is aimed at demonstrating that the steady growth of the brain, under the influence just stated, has been the fundamental factor in leading man's ancestors upward from the lowly insectivore status, through every earlier phase in the evolution of mammals. But such advances as the assumption of the erect attitude are brought about simply because the brain has made the skilled movements of the hands possible and of definite use in the

struggle for existence. Yet once such a stage has been attained, the very act of liberating the hands for the performance of more delicate movements opens the way for a further advance in brain development to make the most of the more favorable conditions and the greater potentialities of the hands.

In the remote Oligocene period, an ape nearly akin to the ancestors of the Indian sacred monkey became definitely specialized in structure in adaptation for the assumption of the erect attitude. This type of early anthropoid has persisted with relatively slight modifications in the gibbon of the present day. But if the earliest gibbons were already able to walk upright, how is it that they did not begin to use their hands, thus freed from the work of progression on the earth, for skilled work, and at once become men? The obvious reason is that the brain had not yet attained a sufficiently high state of development to provide a sufficient amount of useful skilled work, apart from tree climbing, for these competent hands to do. In the language of Doctor Smith's elucidation in London *Nature*:

"The ape is tied down absolutely to his experience, and has only a very limited ability to anticipate the results even of relatively simple actions, because so large a proportion of his neopallium is under the dominating influence of the senses.

"Without a fuller appreciation of the consequences of its actions than the gibbon is capable of, the animal is not competent to make the fullest use of the skill it undoubtedly possesses. What is implied in acquiring this fuller appreciation of the meaning of events taking place around the animal? The state of consciousness awakened by a simple sensory stimulation is not merely an appreciation of the physical properties of the object that supplies the stimulus: the object simply serves to bring to consciousness the results of experience of similar or contrasted stimulations in the past, as well as the feelings aroused by or associated with them, and the acts such feelings excited. This mental enrichment of a mere sensation so that it acquires a very precise and complex meaning is possible only because the individual has this extensive experience to fall back upon; and the faculty of acquiring such experience implies the possession of large neopallial areas for recording, so to speak, these sensation-factors and the feelings associated with them. The 'meaning' which each creature can attach to a sensory impression presumably depends not on its experience only but more especially upon the neopallial provision in its brain for recording the fruits of such experience.

"Judged by this standard, the human brain bears ample witness, in the expansion of the

great temporo-parietal area, which so obviously has been evolved from the regions into which visual, auditory, and tactile impulses are poured, to the perfection of the physical counterpart of the enrichment of mental structure, which is the fundamental characteristic of the human mind."

The mere process of learning to execute any act of skill necessarily involves the cultivation not only of the muscles which produce the movement, and the cortical area which excites the actions of these muscles, but in even greater measure the sensory mechanisms in the neopallium which are receiving impressions from the skin, the muscles and the eyes to control the movements at the moment. Incidentally they are educating these cortical areas, stimulating their growth and enriching the mental structure with new elements of experience. Out of the experience gained in constantly performing acts of skill, the knowledge of cause and effect is acquired. Thus the high specialization of the motor area, which made complicated actions possible, and the great expansion of the temporo-parietal area, which enabled the ape-man to realize the "meaning" of events occurring around him, reacted one upon the other, so that the creature came to understand that a particular act would entail certain consequences. In other words, the ape-man gradually acquired the faculty of shaping its conduct in anticipation of results:

"Long ages ago, possibly in the Miocene, the ancestors common to man, the gorilla and the chimpanzee, became separated into groups, and the different conditions to which they became exposed after they parted company were in the main responsible for the contrasts in their fate. In one group the distinctively primate process of growth and specialization of the brain, which had been going on in their ancestors for many thousands, even millions, of years, reached a stage when the more venturesome members of the group, stimulated perhaps by some local failure of the customary food, or maybe led forth by a curiosity bred of their growing realization of the possibilities of the unknown world beyond the trees which hitherto had been their home, were impelled to issue forth from their forest, and seek new sources of food and new surroundings on hill and plain, wherever they could obtain the sustenance they needed. The other group, perhaps because they happened to be more favorably situated or attuned to their surroundings, living in a land of plenty which encouraged indolence in habit and stagnation of effort and growth, were free from this glorious unrest, and remained apes, continuing to lead very much the same kind of life (as gorillas and chimpanzees) as their ancestors had been liv-

ing since the Miocene or even earlier times. That both of these unenterprising relatives of man happen to live in the forests of tropical Africa has always seemed to me to be a strong argument in favor of Darwin's view that Africa was the original home of the first creatures definitely committed to the human career; for while man was evolved amidst the strife with adverse conditions, the ancestors of the gorilla and chimpanzee, gave up the struggle for men-

tal supremacy simply because they were satisfied with their circumstances."

It is a proposition resting upon the familiar but not wholly understood fact that the animals are subject to the passions. Such emotions as jealousy, anger, revenge, gratitude and the like can be experienced by vertebrates. The ape is not the least of these.

## CONCERNING ANARCHY

BY MAX EASTMAN.

You would be surprised to know from what source the lawless capitalists of Colorado derive proof that all the anarchy is on the side of the working class. I succeeded in the role of a Sunday School lecturer, ardently searching for God's truth, in meeting the General Manager of the Victor American Company, receiving admission through the lines of the Delagua mines, and having a talk with Snodgrass, its Superintendent.

I had just come up from the tent ruins at Ludlow, where I counted twenty-one bullet holes in one washtub, and Snodgrass assured me that the soldiers had not fired on the tent colony at all. So I have not given great weight to his very charming and judicious remarks upon other subjects. But I do want to quote this much upon the subject of the national officers of the United Mine Workers of America.

"Those men are anarchists, you know. Even the Socialists won't stand for them. Why, there's a book by this man—what's his name? He's a Socialist—Hunter. That's right, Robert Hunter. Have you seen it? He says the Socialists won't stand for the methods of these men, they're anarchists."

"Is that book being read a good deal?" I asked.

"Oh yes, it's being very widely circulated. I have it here. Everybody around here is reading it."—*From the New Review.*

**A Typical Letter from a "Live Wire."**—"Youngstown, Ohio. Dear Comrades: Enclosed find \$2.50 for which please send at once 50 more copies of the June issue of the REVIEW. I went on the street Saturday evening and made a talk and the REVIEWS did not last two minutes, and lots of men came up with their money, but I had sold out, so rush these to me at once."—C. W. S.

# STUDY COURSE IN SCIENTIFIC SOCIALISM

## LESSON VII

The Class Struggle

By J. E. Sinclair

"THE history of all hitherto existing society is a history of class struggles." So runs the first line that follows the introduction to the Communist Manifesto. He who has grasped the materialist interpretation of history can trace the economic purpose back of each great dramatic scene in history. He can see how classes form and how, goaded on by economic need, each strives for mastery over the food getting processes of life.

Even the casual student of history can see the economic motives that actuated the murderers of the Gracchi and that threw vast armies into the mountain defiles of Italy to crush the daring Spartacus. The struggle between the rising capitalists and their feudal landlords is apparent to every student of European history and its bloody climax in the French Revolution needs no comment here. In America, too, the conflict between the manufacturing and financial classes of the North and the slaveholders of the South ended in four years of civil war and salted southern swamps with the bleaching bones of the dead.

We might go on and enumerate one by one the great class wars of history; but why discuss these conflicts of the past further than to illustrate the truth of the Marxian law of the continuity of the class struggle since the dawn of civilization and the breaking up of the gens? As this is being written the conflict of the tragic present is going on all about us. Today they are burying the nursing mothers and the charred bodies of their babes who died last Monday in the class war at Lud-

low in Colorado. Only last December we buried seventy-four of our dead in the snow-covered graveyard near Calumet in Michigan. Tomorrow the deadly machine guns of the ruling class may begin their convincing argument under the reader's very eyes.

It is here. There is no disputing its terrible presence—a war between the militant proletariat and the owners of the earth. That it has assumed the character of open war is not the fault of the workers. They did not hire the armies of gunmen that a year ago infested the smoking hills of West Virginia. They did not introduce bayonets into the Lawrence strike. For years they have endured the clubs, the bayonets and the terror of brutalized capitalism. And now today they are arming in Colorado and are sweeping the gunmen from the hills. The gospel of peace that they have been preaching has been changed by the very necessities of the pressing moment into the stern gospel of arming for the defense of their children.

These things no intelligent student can fail to consider: 1. The economic origin of the struggle between the capitalists and the proletariat. 2. The elements that make up the respective forces. 3. The tactics that the workers should pursue. 4. What the outcome may be in the near future.

We have seen how with the progress of technical development power production has crushed out practically every other kind of production. We have seen how a class of small property holders in the means of production have been ruined

by the arrival on the industrial field of machinery so complicated and costly that the little fellow simply had to quit and make way for the big corporation. We have seen how this massing of the means of production has socialized production and how it has organized the workers into vast industrial armies for the making and distribution of human necessities. And we have seen how these workers, regardless of the ever increasing output of the machines which they operate, receive a wage that barely enables them to live and propagate after the fashion of beasts of burden. We have seen the vast surplus created by these workers going into the hands of a useless class that no longer functions in industry.

In their misery even the more ignorant among the workers cry out for more food, more pay, and shorter hours; but in the midst of the vast proletarian army of producers that modern industry has called into being there develops a militant proletariat that rises above the attitude of prayer and strikes for better conditions of labor. And inside this militant group there gradually forms a revolutionary group that demands the full product of its toil, and in order that this may be made possible it demands that the means of production that are socially operated shall be socially owned.

The theories of this revolutionary group are born of the struggle in which the workers live. They are practical theories. They have to do with food, clothing, and shelter, and are elaborated and propounded by those in the business of providing for the world food, clothing, and shelter. They do the work of the world; they know the machinery of production and distribution; they alone are competent to discuss intelligently the feeding and clothing and housing of the world. The doctrine that these revolutionary working men propound is Socialism. It is not a dream. It is a stern necessity.

For with the progress of machine production in all the lands of the earth the markets have become glutted with goods that the very producers cannot buy back for the simple reason that they are paid much less than the value of their product. Besides there grows ever greater

the army of the unemployed, dotted every here and there with blacklisted revolutionary workers whom capitalism has consigned to this living death.

Around the nucleus of revolutionists in the army of industry and in the army of the unemployed the militant workers are rallying in ever increasing forces. At the same time the numbers of militant proletarians increases owing to the fearful pressure of capitalist industrial life, to the spread of education necessary in capitalist industry, and to the obvious uncertainty of employment and life under capitalism. With the spread of this intelligence labor becomes conscious of its mission. It sees its product passing from it into the hands of social parasites. It refuses to be silenced. It articulates the gospel of the revolution.

In the army of wage and salary workers there are many that we can never count upon to become militant. They constitute what we might class the new middle class—mechanical engineers, architects, civil engineers, superintendents, bosses, and all the great army of officials that modern industry has created for the direction and suppression of the workers. In spite of the fact that many of these workers perform socially necessary functions, they are as a class the most contemptible enemies of labor. In every violent struggle with the master class the workers find these together with the socially rotting remnants of the old middle class in open and violent opposition to the toiling masses.

What changes the next turn in the wheel of industrial evolution may bring about in the ranks of this "aristocracy" of labor and intellect we can hardly tell, but the militant wage worker is not counting on its assistance at the present time.

In their war with the master class the workers are deeply interested in the best methods of bringing about the culmination of the conflict and of ushering in the co-operative commonwealth. Momentous as this question may seem, it does not approach in importance the need for new methods of spreading economic intelligence among the workers. The scientific thinker will be bound by no hard and fast rules. He will meet the

conditions as they arise one by one with the means that he happens to have at hand at that time. If political action will get him anywhere he will use that. If more direct and immediate action is needed he will not hesitate in the hour of his dire need. It is unnecessary that a discussion of tactics should ever become bitter among revolutionists who are capable of understanding the materialistic interpretation of history. And the dogmatic denial of the right of any worker to discuss what methods he thinks best is to be deeply regretted.

The kind nurses who are afraid that the militant proletariat will hurt itself by using certain methods not prescribed by the more learned are sensible enough to remain silent or brave enough even to assist when the rifles begin to crack in some dark West Virginia valley or on some bloody stained sagebrush plain in Colorado. It is then that we begin to see that our most stern political actionists are ready to die in the trenches beside us as bravely and as nobly as the rest.

It is not action that the workers need fear. It is inaction. With the militant worker or the revolutionists of whatever faith we have no fight. Our differences fade away in the face of our common peril—annihilation by the paid thugs of the masters. The prize that we all seek is the world and industrial freedom to use the world in the interest of the working class. Only pedants will pause to quibble about incidentals by the way-side. Our march is the march of man, our trail the pulsing path of human progress. Kaustky has faith in political action. Tom Mann believes in direct action on the economic field. The capitalists hate and fear both.

With the progress of industrial evolution the working class slowly but surely develops a class consciousness, a feeling that it has a mission to fulfill, a feeling that it must develop its own institutions in the fulfilling of this mission. With the birth of this class consciousness there is born a new desire to learn. Through the whirr of wheels in the factory the worker catches faint glimpses of a greater knowledge than the masters have allowed him to possess. In his constant

struggle with the master class he learns his mental deficiencies and proceeds to reach out for more knowledge of the right kind. The product of a scientific age, he yearns for scientific knowledge that will help him in the struggle with the masters. The books that he reads are books of power. He becomes a thinker. He rises to glimpse ever grander vistas. He sees the causes that lie back of capitalism and he sees beyond a new world, shaping itself in his very hands, a world of industry regulated by those engaged in industry, a world in which the political state as we know it today has become unnecessary. He sees the army of the revolution growing as it struggles with the masters. He sees its intelligence increase by leaps and bounds when it reaches the point where it realizes its mission. He does not look to governments to save his class, but bases his hopes for the emancipation of the workers upon the self-activity of the workers themselves acting under economic necessity imposed upon them by the very laws of capitalist production.

Because the working class and the employing class have nothing in common the class struggle now raging between them must be carried to its logical conclusion. And the logical as well as the biological conclusion of that struggle is bound to be the utter vanquishment of the class that no longer functions in production. The shaping of the new society is not in the keeping of any party or sect. It is bound to be the child of the present, an outgrowth of our marvelous industrial development. Just as industry scorns political boundary lines, so must it scorn international hatreds and political institutions based upon such hatreds. The offspring of world-industry, its field of operation must be the world. The culmination of the class struggle, the co-operative commonwealth will have no need for political institutions of oppression. Its business must be the management of things and not the government of men. Until this stage is reached, the class struggle will go on with increasing bitterness and barbarity.

The industrial revolution and the ushering in of power production on a large scale and for a world market created the

modern proletariat and gave it a voice, because the very needs of capitalist production made some semblance of an education necessary even among the workers. The social revolution that we now see going on about us as a bitter class war is simply the social adjustment that is coming as a result of the industrial changes that have gone before. Economic determinism is grimly working out the solution of life and that solution is Socialism. In that momentous conflict that we now see about us, as in all other conflicts, the fittest will survive; and the fittest class is the class that functions in the production of useful things. The elimination of the master class means the social ownership of the means of production.

By the red furnace fires, in among the wheels, in mines, on farms, on sea, on land, the army of the revolution is forming for the last grand charge. It is an army of peace. Its mission is to save. But it will not shirk the sternest tasks. It cannot stop in its march to freedom. In the hour when the workers see plainly the full meaning of their misery no force on earth can stop them. That day is rapidly approaching. Urged on by economic need, the creatures of economic forces inherent in capitalist society, the workers must win the world.

Not with any other feeling than that of optimism can the working class student view the future. The progress of machine production has socialized industry and has created in the hands of the masters surplus values of such great magnitude that even a wayfaring man may see that the end is in sight. Each day the solidarity of labor grows more strong. Each day the progress of science kills some god, some superstition, some witchcraft of the past that has blinded our fathers before us. Each day the naked facts of capitalist cruelty drive more workers to see the utter impossibility of compromise and the absolute necessity of

seizing the means of production for themselves. This seizure means the culmination of the class struggle and the beginning of a new era.

#### Suggestions for Study.

Read again the Communist Manifesto. Also read "No Compromise," by Liebknecht; "The Class Struggle," by Kautsky; "The Debate: Direct Action vs. Political Action," by Lewis and Mann, and Part III of "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific," by Engels. Over and over again we have used this last work and the reason is surely apparent to the real student who has patiently followed the course throughout. It is a classic of the highest order.

In this course we have simply touched on the three great sociological laws discovered by Marx and his great co-worker, Engels. It is impossible to cover the great and varied field of Socialist thought in a few brief articles. But with a clear comprehension of the three cardinal principles the student will have little trouble with the details of a movement that embraces the world of human activities.

As this is the concluding lesson we shall omit the usual questions and topics for discussion. Pressing questions spring up now on all sides. The class struggle is assuming new and, to many, startling forms. Even the slum proletariat, so much despised by revolutionists in the past, is awakening. The despised immigrant, whom we but yesterday in foolish utopian fury asked the capitalistic state to exclude, turns out on the picket line to be our brother-in-arms. Students of Scientific Socialism must keep pace with the transforming forces that move about us. New things are happening. New tactics are being devised. Socialism cannot be confined to any mold. It must expand as the class struggle expands. It must take on the newer forms needed by the exigencies of a newer life. There is nothing fixed in the universe, all is reverberant relationship and change.

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# EDITORIAL

## A BILLION DOLLAR DONATION

### Carnegie Outdistanced by the Modest Wage-Workers of Massachusetts

**I**N THE year 1911 the wage-workers of Massachusetts made up among themselves as a free gift a magnificent sum of money officially reported as \$293,762,568. These figures, however, are grossly underestimated, the true figure being over a billion dollars.

This assertion seems on its face so improbable that we hasten to give our authority. We discovered the facts from a careful examination of "Public Document No. 36" of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, consisting of the Twenty-Sixth Annual Report of the Statistics of Manufactures. From a voluminous table starting on page 2 of this report it appears that there were during 1911 in the State of Massachusetts 8,132 factories, employing 584,033 wage-workers. During the year these factories used materials of all kinds amounting in value to \$863,050,379. They paid in wages \$311,148,856. The value of their product, according to the official report, was \$1,467,961,803. This seems to indicate that the labor of the wage-workers added \$604,911,424 to the value of the materials on which they worked, so that after deducting the wages they received, they contributed as a free gift to the capitalist class the sum of \$293,762,568. If this were all, it would mean a contribution of over five hundred dollars from each wage-worker. But it is not all. The "value of product," \$1,467,961,803 according to the official statisticians, means the value *at the factory*. When the things made by the workers have passed through the hands of jobber and wholesaler and are tagged with their prices in the retail stores where the workers spend their wages, the price has gone up from \$1,467,961,803 to about two and a half billion dol-

lars. So the real donation of the Massachusetts wage-workers to the International Brotherhood of Capitalists during the year 1911 was over A BILLION DOLLARS.

Much as we admire the splendid energy and ability shown by the workers in producing this vast mass of wealth, we can not resist the desire to point out their extreme folly in this misdirected gift. As a matter of fact they and their wives and children were in urgent need of this very wealth which they so recklessly lavished on a class of people who already had all the wealth they could use. Perhaps the most deplorable fact about the whole affair is the well-founded suspicion that most of the donors of this vast sum did not understand the transaction in the least, and imagined that they were getting a "fair share," or at least nearly a fair share, of the wealth they were producing.

It may be urged that a large proportion of these workers were without opportunity to learn the real facts in the case. But this makes the inactivity of their labor union officials still more despicable, since these officials were drawing salaries in return for which they were supposed to protect the interests of the members of the unions.

The whole transaction has so shady an appearance that it is not surprising that up to this time the capitalist press has been silent about it. The one surprising thing is that the state officials of Massachusetts should have placed the information in such convenient and irrefutable shape.

We wage-workers may as well own up that we have all been behaving just as foolishly as our brothers and sisters in Massachusetts. Isn't it time to stop being so generous?

# INTERNATIONAL NOTES

BY WILLIAM E. BOHN

**Progressivism and After—In Europe.** At the end of April and beginning of May parliamentary elections were held in France and Sweden. The results were almost identical. In both countries Conservatives and Socialists gained at the expense of the Liberals. Similar results have marked recent elections in other European countries.

In this country we have been busy for the past year readapting our Socialist philosophy to fit the sudden appearance of Progressivism. We have accounted for the apparently increasing importance of the new middle class and some of us have reached the conclusion that this middle class, organized in some sort of Progressive, or liberal, party, will bring about the next great changes in our political and economic system.

The European elections referred to seem to lead to an opposite conclusion. In France, e. g., the various radical groups represent the intelligence, conscience and class interest of small capitalists, professional people and others who for one reason or another cannot fight with the reactionaries. Many of them have stood for various important reforms; they have opposed the three-year military law. If any force outside the working class is to take the lead in bringing about the next important rearrangement of things it must be represented by these groups. But these groups are precisely the ones which are losing power at the present time.

The only answer which could be made to these considerations would be one to the effect that the French Socialist party virtually represents the middle class. And it is true that in France the Socialists count among their numbers more small capitalists and professional folk than in any other country. It is true, too, that at this last election great gains were made in the rural districts. But the program was a straight anti-capitalist program. It is probable that there never was before an election in France in which labor unionists took so large a part, and they supported the Socialist candidates

solidly. Even the anarchistic syndicalists went to the polls to help elect Socialists. It is practically inconceivable that this party, once in power, should turn reformist, or state capitalist, or state socialist, or anything else but Socialist.

**The French Election.** The thing most talked about in connection with the French election was the situation growing out of the passage of the new military law. As has been previously explained in the Review, the Conservatives and near Conservatives managed to pass a law requiring recruits to serve three years instead of two. This naturally made necessary a larger budget for military purposes. Here is where the rub came. The capitalists who had forced through this measure were unwilling to foot the bills. They defeated a financial scheme based on the passage of an income tax law. Then the ministry was hard put to it to get out of the hole into which it had been plunged. It has not yet got out. Money has been borrowed to help out, but as yet no method of paying regular expenses has been devised.

Under these circumstances the Socialists went to the country, making their campaign largely against militarism. The various Radical groups also opposed the three-year law. The Conservatives supported it. Of course it is the popular vote that interests Socialists; it is that that shows whether propaganda has really reached the people. In 1911 the Socialist vote was 1,110,561; at the recent election it was 1,398,771. This amounts to sixteen per cent of the entire vote. In the first election there were only 40 Socialists elected and the editor of *l'Humanité* remarked rather sadly that proportional representation would give the Socialists 101 seats. What was his surprise to find after the second election that his party had actually acquired 102 seats. The Conservatives gained 7 seats, the Socialistic Radicals gained 23, and the Socialists gained 27. Corresponding losses were sustained by the Progressistes, the Union of the Left, and the Republicans of the Left.

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So far as the immediate future of France is concerned this shifting of forces means little. There is still a majority in favor of the three-year law. It is possible, of course, that something may be done to improve the new financial measure which is to be introduced, for, on the whole, the left has been strengthened more than the right.

But these are small matters. The important thing is that the masses of the French people are turning to the Socialist party. Of course many who voted the ticket are not Socialists, but they recognize that Socialists stand honestly against the reactionary measures under which the people are suffering.

**The Swedish Election.** In Sweden also the immediate issue was militarism. The king has recently taken a hand in the government and forced the preparation of a measure providing for a larger army. This measure is being pushed on the pretext that it is necessary to defend the country against Russia. It is supported by the Conservatives and opposed by the Socialists and Liberals. The number of voters was notably larger in this last election than in any previous one. Therefore all parties registered an increase. The Conservatives made a gain of 98,000, the Liberals gained 2,000, and the Social-

ists gained 57,000. In relative strength, then, the Liberals lost. But the great majority of the people, 475,000 out of 760,000, voted against the royal military program.

**The Russian Reaction.** Affairs seem to be shaping themselves for another revolution in Russia. The workers are reorganizing, and the Social Democratic party is once more carrying on a powerful propaganda. And at the same time the Czar seems to have determined to run the government back into its old pre-Duma methods. He has chosen for his latest prime minister a certain Goremykin, who treats the members of the Duma as if they were a pack of schoolboys. He has informed them that whenever the government is contemplating the introduction of a law on a certain matter the members of the legislative body are not allowed to present another measure dealing with the same matter. More recently he has practically put an end to the immunity of the members. Comrade Tscheide, leader of the Socialist group, happened to mention in a speech the fact that he prefers the republican form of government to some others. Weeks afterward the premier demanded that the Duma turn Comrade Tscheide over to him to be prosecuted before a court for



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this crime. This led to violent scenes, but it appears that the premier is to have his way. This will mean the end of the Duma as a tribunal. It long ago ceased to be a representative legislative assembly.

**Party Congress in Italy.** For many reasons the congress held in Ancona at the end of April was an important one. Only last year the annual gathering was followed by a split. For years the party had been divided and its work had been constantly hindered by a bitter struggle between Reformists and Revolutionists. Last year, at Regio Emilia, the Revolutionists outvoted the others and straightway Bissolati stampeded with his followers and formed a new organization. Then came the midwinter elections to parliament and it was discovered that the regular party had grown immensely in its popular strength. It returned a group of 51 members, many more than it had ever had. And this in spite of the fact that this was the first election at which all adult males had taken part. It had been supposed that the participation of a great number of unschooled rural workers would cut down the relative importance of the Socialist power.

Now, after this great electoral victory, the Socialists met at Ancona to settle on their party policies. The great change brought about by the departure of the Reformists made it necessary to thrash out a number of problems and settle on new tactics. It is easy enough to be a Revolutionist in opposition, but Revolutionists in control of a great party have some knotty problems to solve.

It strikes an American as rather ludicrous that a large part of the energy of the sessions was given to a debate on Free Masonry. And the decision, reached by a large majority, to expel all Free Masons from the party strikes one as a piece of narrow-minded sectarianism. But the other important piece of work done exhibited our Italian comrades working at a high level of intelligence and efficiency.

Last year it was decided to forego all manner of combinations with other parties in national elections. The matter of municipal elections, however, was left over to be taken up this year. It was

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thought by many that municipal politics are not to be taken up on party lines. The decision reached at Ancona is refreshingly clear. It is a pleasure, too, to be able to report that the congress was not content to lay down general principles and let it go at that. It worked out a fairly full and intelligible program for party work in municipal campaigns.

There were three resolutions on this topic: (1) One permitting combinations with capitalist parties; (2) one permitting combinations with labor organizations; (3) one forbidding any sort of combination. The first received 8,584 votes, the second received 3,214, and the third received 22,591. So the decision was final.

The municipal program worked out shows a fine insight into the possibilities of working-class government. In the main it is covered by seven points: (1) Municipal home rule; (2) better schools, feeding of school children, and provisions of public libraries; (3) use of municipal agencies to reduce the cost of living; (4) institution of municipally owned and operated street car service, lighting plants, etc.; (5) construction by the municipalities of cheap and healthful homes for working people; (6) improvement of general condition of the working class by the protection of children and mothers, erection of suitable hospitals, etc.; (7) improvement of condition of labor by recognition of the unions in municipal work, public support of the unemployed, etc.

On the whole, one can look at the work of this congress with great satisfaction. Evidently in Italy the Revolutionists are not content with merely being revolutionary. They have a great mass of new voters to appeal to and from the start they are going to show them that the Socialist party is different. And as rapidly as they come into power they are going to translate their revolutionary principles into better wages, better houses and better education. Let us hope that they will not develop a mania for expelling members. The world is much in need of revolutionists who are intent on doing something besides maintaining their purity.

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# NEWS AND VIEWS



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STRIKING COAL MINERS WITH THEIR WIVES AND MOTHERS SELLING TAGS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE STRIKE FUND.

**The Vancouver Island Strike**—The coal miners of Cumberland and Nanaimo are still on strike and there seems to be little hope of settlement. The miners are obstinate and will not return to work until they get what they went out for, better working conditions and more wages.

The strike zone is at present very quiet; peace reigns supreme; a few militiamen are scattered here and there and every face seems to look askance at the next one for we know not when an outbreak will occur.

Since the trouble, twelve months ago, there have been many trials and many poor men sent to jail who are now serving a sentence. They have done absolutely no wrong. Not only these men, but the wives and children of the miners are suffering. The poor worn creatures who have spent their lives in digging coal down in the cold, dark mines that others may revel in luxury, ask for a few more cents per day that they may have just what it takes to keep life in their bodies, and then they are herded like cattle in a pen and a bunch of ignorant working men, paid puppets of the ruling class, are put out to spy and watch them. Not only are they ground down by the iron heel but their wives, mothers, and children are subjected to all manners of humiliations. One poor boy was given a sentence and died in the jail in a few days for lack of care. Some time ago the miners had a tag day; their wives

and mothers were right by their sides. Old gray-haired women carried cigar boxes and sold tags—the money being used for relief of the miners' children. The same day was the opening of the parliament in Victoria, B. C., and the great Sir Richard McBride, escorted by soldiers, was making his way from the Government House when he was suddenly confronted by a delegation of the miners' wives and mothers, begging the great Premier to pardon the sons and husbands who had been unjustly sentenced. But the Premier was firm; he laid his hand gently on one woman's shoulder and said, "You miners' wives look intelligent and I think you would be better off if you stayed at home," and contributed \$5 to their cause. The women went home that night disappointed and tired, their loved ones still in jail and no hope in sight for them.

And still the strike drags on. Some have finished their sentences and are out again, but the future looks very dark.—D. Lopez.

**An Interesting Letter**.—“I am dropping you a few lines to find out the price for bundle lots of the INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW as I know I can use quite a few. I am a victim of the Ludlow massacre, “it was my boy the gunman killed.” I joined the Socialist party last week with fourteen more new members. I secured twenty June REVIEWS but they won’t last over tomorrow. Yours for Socialism, William Snyder, Trinidad, Colo.”

**The Railroad Boys**—One of our railway comrades, who has long been a rebel in the rail boys' organization, writes us this month of a new move on the part of the capitalist class to sidetrack the formation of a bona fide industrial railway men's union. This time it is a "substitute" for the men which is "just as good" according to those who exploit them, as the real thing. The comrade who writes us says that in September, 1913, James Faith of Pottsville, Pa., an employe of the Pennsylvania System, was sent out to organize the employees of this road into "One Big Union" from yardmaster down to the trackmen. And (this is the inducement offered by those who grab the profits from the labor of the railroad boys): Each member of this boss-controlled "industrial union" was to be made a "stockholder in the P. R. R." The boys in Pennsylvania write that they don't yet know what kind of stock was to be handed to the men. They say Mr. Faith was unable to inspire much faith in the yards, and that the next man to try to lead the boys into the bosses' traps was a Mr. William Pearce. He was to "federate" the employees of the same road. But he didn't pierce very far before he had a strike on his hands. Doubtless the strike will fail, as 90 per cent of the men are sticking to the job so the railroad companies won't lose anything.

President Mellen of the N. Y. & N. H. was slated to head the next move for a federated group. This was in Boston and before we were able to turn around Kansas City was talking about an "amalgamation" of the railway employes. The two rebels who contributed a short article to the REVIEW two months ago, write:

"In order that all railroad employes may understand our position we enclose a statement showing the cost of maintaining our present craft unions." Lack of space prevents us from printing their report in full.

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Six wage movements every two years:	
Four in the West.....	800,000
Four in the East.....	800,000
4 Presidents drawing a salary of....	36,000
28 Vice-Presidents drawing.....	120,000
Total .....	

**A Chance for You**—W. E. Reynolds, of Lewiston, Idaho, has started a new paper to teach scientific socialism. We know this sounds old-fashioned, but not to readers of the REVIEW. Comrade Reynolds says just what the REVIEW has said for several years—namely—that if the socialist party members studied scientific socialism there would be no party disputes in regard to tactics. Comrade Reynolds has prepared twenty questions on Marxian Economics and is offering to wager a yearly subscription to his magazine against your answers to these questions, that you will be unable to answer FIVE of them correctly. Any person qualified to answer these

questions will have no difficulty in matters of party tactics. He will always be revolutionary and act in accordance with the interests of the working class. Write Comrade Reynolds and send two cents and get these questions. We believe that more readers of the REVIEW will be able to correctly answer them than of any other socialist periodical.

**The Railroad Boys**—Comrades John Honicher of St. Clair, Pa., and John L. Lundy, 419 W. Main street, Pottsville, Pa., have issued a challenge to Messrs. Lee, Stone, Carter or Garretson to meet them at Pottsville before a gathering of railroad employes or to issue a statement showing why an industrial organization could not be perfected and at a saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars annually to the union men. They also demand to know why this proposal should not be submitted to the rank and file for their acceptance or rejection.

Does anybody imagine the twenty-eight vice-presidents or the high salaried presidents will be in favor of an industrial union that will eliminate their jobs? Here is where the interests of the railway men's union officials and the interest of the railway men differentiate. This explains why nearly ALL union officials oppose industrial unionism.

**A Wager**—I received the June REVIEWS, also samples of leaflets. Many thanks for promptness. I would bet a barrel of salted peanuts against a doughnut that the June REVIEW is the workers' best information in the nation. The letter from the front by a marine is the dope to awaken the indifferent worker.—L. T. Rush, Cedar Rapids, Ia.



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**From the "Live Ones."**—The following rebels have sent in ten or more subscriptions to the Fighting Magazine during the past twenty days. This does not include the comrades who secured three hundred yearly subscriptions for the trip to the International Congress in Vienna. After all, the "live ones" are the salt of the Revolutionary movement:

Mileisen, Washington, D. C.	20
Luetzel, Marshall, Mo.	10
Patterson, Sacramento, Cal.	10
Rose, Elwood, Ind.	10
Fisher, E. St. Louis, Ill.	16
Brown, Muncie, Ind.	10
Benson, Stroud, Okla.	40
Becker, Sheridan, Wyo.	41
Suhr, Detroit, Mich.	11
Marx, Mobile, Ala.	10
Giovad, Nucla, Colo.	10
Magargal, Springfield, Mass.	10
Soderlund, Waldville, Sask., Can.	10
Bousley, Salem, Mass.	10
Flanagan, Woodhaven, L. I., N. Y.	10
Anthony, Toronto, Can.	10
McLeod,	20
Lisac, Ronald, Wash.	10
Fairchild, Wellsburg, S. D.	10
Pauley, Miami, W. Va.	10
Luhnow, Glenview, Ill.	10
Grigsby, Dallas, Tex.	11
Morningstar, Hagerstown, Md.	10
Sausser, Spokane, Wash.	10
Fell, Montana, Ark.	10
Fyffe, Turtle Creek, Pa.	15
Kietzman, Alta Vista, Kan.	10
Murphy, Street, Md.	10
Scott, Gibson, Mo.	10
Lear, Forbes, N. D.	10

**Lecturer from China.**—Comrade G. L. Harding, who went to China for The Coming Nation and the Daily Herald of England, will be available for lecture dates in the middle west next fall. Comrade Harding is one of the most able lecturers and writers in England. He has first-hand information on all the stirring events that have recently occurred in China, latest news from Japan and has hundreds of pictures which he took himself in the Orient. Locals desiring him for a lecture can address the G. L. Harding Lecture Bureau, 43 Washington square, New York City.

**From Alaska.**—Enclosed find money to renew my subscription to the REVIEW. One copy is enough for me and my two partners. Our nearest neighbors are ten miles from here and they are Socialists too.

**From Meadville, Pa.**—"Enclosed find \$1.25 for twenty-five copies of the best magazine in the world."—J. E.

**From Waukesha, Wis.**—"I could not miss a copy."—J. Raggio.

**From Springfield, Ohio.**—"Best magazine published and getting better all the time."—J. R. Johnston.

**From Banks, Ark.**—"I like the Revolutionary character of the REVIEW, am sick and tired of opportunism."—S. R. Graham.

**From Candler, N. C.**—"I have taken the REVIEW for years and cannot get along without it."—O. L. Bachelder.

**From Albia, Iowa.**—"The Fighting Magazine is certainly getting better every month. It has any other Socialist publication in the United States beat all to pieces."—C. W. Shaw.

**From New York City.**—"The REVIEW is the best magazine for an old time rebel and I wish it a long life."—J. G. Schuck.

**From An Old Timer.**—"Enclosed find \$1.00 to renew my subscription. I was a subscriber to almost the first issue of the REVIEW and have not missed a copy all these years. Am now 76 years old and may not be here to renew another subscription. Yours for Socialism."—Virgil P. Hall, Mayfield, Me.

**From the Frozen North.**—"Enclosed find P. O. money order for which send me the REVIEW for one year. I consider it the best magazine in America. I simply can't do without it."—H. H. Rutzbeck, Porcupine, Alaska.

**Moses Baritz.**—A comrade from Manchester, England, has been selling "Ancient Society" at his street meetings recently. Several comrades write us from Duluth that he is one of the greatest exponents of Marxism and one of the best speakers they have ever heard. If he passes through your town you cannot do better than to arrange a meeting for him.

**A Boost from Milwaukee.**—Comrade Hodenberg writes: "Everybody I meet thinks that THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW is the best socialist magazine published in this country. I am a regular reader of it for years and I surely would not want to miss a single issue."



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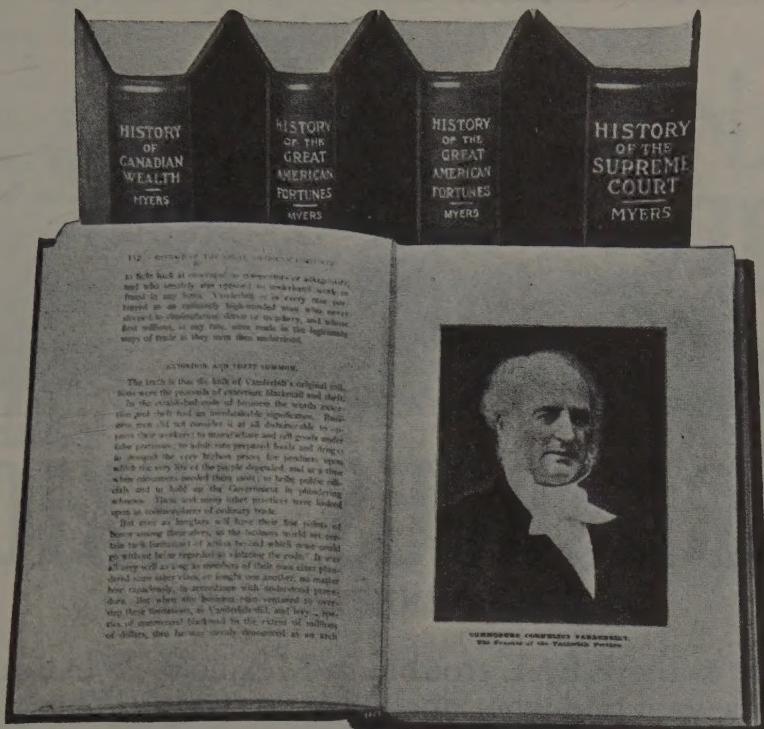
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The work is of great value. Its short histories of the judges, of the party affiliations and business connections are all of utmost importance to him who wants to know the truth and where to find it."—*American Journal of Sociology*.

## History of Canadian Wealth \$1.50

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